THE COMPLEAT ACADEMY OF Complements:

CONTAINING

First, Choice Sentences, with Variety of Similitudes, and Compariſons; alſo the beſt Complemental Letters.

Second, The Art of Courtſhip and Genteel Breeding, with Diſcourſes proper for this Ingenious Age, far ſurpaſſing any Thing of this Nature.

TOGETHER

With a Collection of the Neweſt SONGS that are Sung at Court and Play-Houſe

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Tracy*, at the *Three Bibles* on *London-Bridge*; And *T. Ballard*, at the *Riſing Sun* in *Little-Britain*. 1705.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO THE READER.

HE that would Learn to Speak and Endite Well, must take a great deal of Pains to the attainment thereof; for Men are not Born Orators, nor have they the Gift of Eloquence without Sweat and Labour of the Brain: Some are good Orators, but bad Enditers; others will Endite very Eloquently, but cannot Speak Well; very few that Excel in both. Of these, for the First, Great is the Disparagement which arises to a Man, from the Failure of his Tongue, it renders his Speech Prepostorous, creates a Disrepute to his Person, and many times makes the very Truth he utters to be suspected, by being Cloathed in such a ragged Garment: Now if there accrues such a Disparagement to a Man by verbal Expressions, how much more liable is he to Censure, whose Pen lays him open to a sordid and incongruous Style in Writing, which Unbosoms a Man, and Limns forth his internal Parts as it were with a Pencil? To help the Reader, therefore, that he may be the better

able to Speak and Write Quaintly and Eloquently, and not to Stand with his Finger in his Mouth for want of Words wherewith to Expreſs himſelf; I ſhall, Firſt, give him ſome Short Sentences; or, Pearls of Eloquence, *which he may uſe in his Diſcourſe or Writings, as he ſhall ſee Occaſion. Then ſeveral* Forms of Similitudes and Compariſons, with Choice Letters: *Next I will ſet down ſome* Forms of Complemental Diſcourſes upon ſeveral Subjects; *then give you a Taſte of ſome Amorous* Poems *and* Songs, *the beſt now in Requeſt.*

Advertiſement.

YOuth's *Recreation*; or, Merry Paſtimes, in Two Parts: Containing delightful Stories, Novels Jeſts, Tales, Bulls, Blunders, and Merry Conceits: with familiar Letters relating to Love and Buſineſs. Part II. Wonderful Hiſtories of Giants, Pigmies, Fairies, Witches, Spectres, Spirits, Ghoſts, Apparitions, Hobgoblins, Sea Monſters; Hiſtory of the Iſle of Pines, Relation of *Whittington* and his Cat: With many other Stories of Strange and Amazing Things. Printed for *T. Ballard*, at the *Riſing Sun* in *Little-Britain*.

THE

THE Compleat Academy OF COMPLEMENTS, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Select Sentences: Or, Pearls of Eloquence.

SIR, There can be no acknowledgment that I can make can be answerable to the Obligations I owe to your Honour.

Sir, You are qualified with all the Excellencies that Art and Nature can bestow.

Sir, You alone can Conduct me to the highest pitch of accidental Perfection.

Sir, Whatever Fate doth attend your Life, the same governs mine.

Sir, I cannot stoop too low to do your Excellency that observance which is due to your Merits.

Sir, You are the Star of Eloquence.

Sir, Be pleased to tell me how I may shew my self grateful to you for your Love.

Sir, Your full worth doth speak as loud an accent of desert, as his that Merits most.

Sir, If you will believe Truth, there is nothing more Terrible to a guilty Heart, than the Eye of a respected Friend.

Sir, My desires make me as careful to please you, as I am bound by Duty, and constrained by Inclination to serve you.

Sir, I had rather gratifie you with ſome ſmall thing, and ſo be reputed Ignorant than Ungrateful.

Sir, The Noble Favours you are pleaſed to beſtow upon me, may quicken my Endeavours, but never create a Deſert in me worthy to be Yours.

Sir, It is out of your generous Diſpoſition that you wiſh me well, as it is of Duty that I Honour you.

Sir, I dare not encounter you, in reſpect of your Eloquent Diſcourſe, for when I intend to be moſt Perſwaſive, I appear moſt Barbarous in my Arguments.

Sir, Your inward Worth and outward Excellency, challenges the higheſt Reſpect and Veneration.

Sir, I am now convinced your deſerts ſoar as high as Fame reported them.

Sir, It's paſt my wonder that the common vogue ſtiled you Happy, becauſe your incomparable Diſpoſition, and other vertuous endowments infinitely beſpeak you ſo.

Sir, You are beyond the reach of any Calumny, having purchaſed to your ſelf an immortal Fame and Reputation.

Sir, When I conſider your exact ſymmetry of Body, and other Parts proportioned by Nature, I cannot but conclude in the Architecture of your Body, Nature play'd its Maſter-Piece.

Sir, The ingenious Bluſhes of your unparallel'd Countenance, vie with the Beauty of the whole World.

Sir, Nature's Pencil hath been ſo ſtrangely skilful in the making of you ſo beloved an Animal, that when I have the Honour of ſeeing you, my Senſes are exempted from their Offices, and my Eyes loſe their ſight by beholding You.

Sir,

Sir, As Nature hath made you mightily Happy in your outward Lineaments, ſo in your Free and Generous Spirit, your Gifts are beyond compare, your Love beyond Expreſſion, your Friendſhip as firm as the *Medes* and *Perſians* Law, unalterable.

Madam, Should I attempt to draw your Picture without the help of the Fam'd *Apelles*, I ſhould be Non-pluſs'd in the Attempt.

Madam, It's none but Nature's Darling, guided inevitably by her Advice, can either Deſcribe your ingenious Countenance, or extraordinary Handſomneſs.

Madam, At the ſame time I behold your exquiſite Beauty, and hear your vaſt Fame, I become Proſelyte to your high Perfections and think my ſelf Happy, if under the benign Reflections of your infinite lovely Countenance.

Madam, This Paper Viſit begs your Acceptance and your Pardon; the one for its Meanneſs, the other for its Boldneſs; I queſtion not your readineſs to forgive me, and diſpenſe with the other.

Madam, If Zeal could be Expreſſed or Repreſented in a Letter, this would Fire in its Flight, and Repreſent it ſelf Yours in the higheſt Degree in lively Flames.

Incomparable Lady, Methinks my Fancy would exalt you the Princeſs of the World, lovely beyond Nature's Correction, Wiſe beyond Advice and a Perſon in whom Nature and Art had an Ambitious conteſt.

Madam, The leaſt Service upon your ſcore, I term the higheſt attainment imaginable; your Love is an Honour, your Favour the greateſt Advance, and that I be-numbred amongſt your little Favourites, I am Tranſported.

Lady, When I consider how the Enamoured World fly to your *Asylum*, and pay their Sacrifices to your adored Altar, if I can but be thought worthy to stile my self yours, happy I with an Emphasis.

Madam, You are the Phœnix of the Sex, the Mirror of the Age, the Star of the World, the lively Scheme of that Beauty that cannot be by any Exceeded, nor amended by all the famousest Artists that pretended to the highest Skill.

Madam, You are the very Abstract of Beauty, all those Excellencies that are singly in others, are concentred together in you.

Madam, You are as much above my feeble Oratory, as your Endearments transcend my mean Deserts.

Madam, I am yours, and will be yours in despite of Fate and Fortune.

Such a fair Spring of Beauty dwells in your Face, as would make the *Cynick* to leave his Tub, and become Love's Proselyte.

You are the Load-Stone of Beauty, that attracts all Eyes to gaze on and Admire your Perfections.

Dearest Love, Let me desire you to retain me in your Memory the only Monument where my Felicity desires to be Enshrin'd.

Madam, Your Endowments are so Transcendent, that had I the Tongue of *Cicero*, the Pen of *Homer*, the Oratory of *Demosthenes*, the Learning of *Scaliger*, the Wit of *Musæus*, and the Skill of *Ovid*, yet were all these far short to delineate your Perfections.

Madam, Every Grace about you is so large a Theme to Treat of, that I stand doubtful which first to touch at; if I err, let me intreat you before I offend to sign my Pardon.

Madam,

Madam, Your Love is the higheſt of my Ambition, the baſis of my Wiſhes and the ſumm of my Deſires.

Faireſt Miſtreſs, Be not Coy, for to be Coy is to be Cruel, and to be Cruel is to alter the Property of what thou art, Beautiful.

I prize your Love far more than *Indian* Treaſures.

Your fair Aſpect hath vanquiſhed me ſo far, as to reſign the happineſs of my former Liberty, and to confeſs my ſelf your Slave, ſince you think me unworthy the Name of your Servant.

Have Compaſſion on my Paſſion.

Grace me with one Smile, that my drooping Spirits may Revive.

Madam, Your Favours tie me to you as ſtrong as Adamantine Chains.

How long ſhall my languiſhing Sickneſs wait upon the Triumphs of my Paſſions?

Your Smiles make a Pleaſant *May*, of a Cold *December*.

I never knew Vertue and Beauty meet in a ſweeter Nature.

Madam, Your two Eyes are the Suns whereat *Cupid* lights his Torches.

Sir, Your heart is the Altar of Love, and Seat of Friendſhip.

Sir, My Houſe is ſo much grac'd by your Learned Company, that I account it an *Academy* whilſt you are in it.

The Contemplation of your Vertues wrap me up in Admiration.

Sir, I muſt confeſs my Merits far ſhort of thoſe Favours whereby you have obliged me unto you.

Give me leave (*Sir*) to gain that from your Experience, which otherwiſe all the Treaſures of the Earth cannot purchaſe.

Sir

Sir, I owe more to you than my Parents ever gave me, more than if Fortune ſhould look up and ſmile, prove a Prodigal in Favours to me, and I ſhould live to take them with the one hand, and with the other pay it as a due Tribute to you.

Sir, I beſeech you not to take Account of my Speech, which if it hath been over Paſſionate, yet it is the more to be born withal, becauſe it proceeds out of an Affection much more vehement.

Madam, Your cruelty makes me that I can take no Reſt, nor Food; Thoughts Nouriſh me, and Sighs Feed me. I Drink my own Tears, and Weep them forth again when I remember your unkindneſs.

Her Beauty is of it ſelf ſufficient to Captivate Hearts, without the help of Adulterous Art.

Sir, Your Deſerts draw Admiration from your very Enemies.

Sir, You are ſo rarely Accompliſh'd that it is hard to know whether your Piety or Valour hold Supremacy in your moſt Noble Structure.

Faireſt, Since diſtance of Place muſt by force ſeparate our Bodies, let Letters be our Hearts *Ambaſſadors* from one to another.

Madam, Let me obtain that Favour from you as that I may live in your Memory.

I Eſteem more the Title of your *Servant*, than to be acknowledg'd Lord of an hundred Tenants.

The proportion of my Love is infinite.

Madam, I ſhall never acknowledge any other Light than yours, no more than the Earth doth any other than that of the Sun.

Let me become an Object in the Eyes of all good Men, an Object of Contempt to the whole World, if my faithful Devotion and Obſervance ſupply not all my Defects. *Madam*,

Madam, When I Contemplate your Excellencies, I cannot but think you the Maſter-piece of the Creation, worthy of infinite Praiſe, and equal to the largeſt Deſires and Imaginations that poſſibly can be.

Faireſt Miſtreſs, Grant me your Love, and I ſhall be more rich in Content than ever *Craſus* was in Silver.

Madam, I am vowed to be yours whilſt living Heat alloweth me to be my own.

Alexander was not more proud of his Conqueſt of the *Eaſt*, than I am to bear the Title of being your Servant.

Sir, You have heaped up ſo many Favours upon me, that I had need live a whole Age to ſtudy Gratitude.

Sir, Your Actions ſpeak you to be truly generous and well worthy that noble ſtock from whence you are deſcended.

I am no Herald to enquire of Men's Pedigrees, it ſufficeth me if I know their Vertues.

Faireſt One, When I contemplate your Excellencies, methinks the *Cyprian* Queen was but a *Negro* compared to thee.

Sir, I admire and applaud the happineſs of your Undertakings, that can at once captivate *Apollo* and the *Muſes*.

Sir, Our leſſer Lights borrow their Beams of Radiance from your greater Orb.

Sir, Your Vertues have, by the Degrees of Deſert, aſcended you to the Throne of Honour.

Sir, To induce you the more to Patience, let me to all others add the Appellation of that of Friend.

From the firſt Minute of our Acquaintance, I accounted it my higheſt Ambition to acknowledge my ſelf your humble Servant. *Deareſt*

Dearest Madam, Do not tie up your Thoughts in so wilful a knot.

My lowly Fortunes will not admit of so great Sovereignty.

Fairest Mistress, Do not frown, lest my speedy Death give you a deplorable Demonstration how dearly I loved you.

I cannot use many Words where every Word that I speak is as an Arrow shot in my Heart.

Madam, Martyr me not with Doubts, but by a gracious and sudden Answer assure me really that you are mine.

Dearest Madam, Let not my Suit prove a Non-suit.

Mistress, Your Eloquence strikes me dumb, and binds my Lips to a perpetual Silence.

Sir, This Counsel that I give unto you, is *ex abundanti amoris*, out of the Surplusage of my ardent Love.

Madam, Torture me not thus with Suspence, but either kill me with a cruel No, or crown my Love with a consenting Yea.

Your Face is the Firmament of Beauty, wherein the Queen of Love sits enthroned.

The whole Summ of my Desires is, that you would paradise me in the Heaven of your Love.

Though your Body may be removed from my Eyes, your Remembrance cannot be excluded from my Heart.

Death may end my Life, but a thousand Deaths cannot put an end to my Love.

Madam, Your Beauty hath a commanding Power over my Senses.

Not the greatest Wealth that the World can afford shall be able to alien my Love from you.

Sir,

Sir, Your Courteſies have too much obliged me ever to forget you.

Nor Life nor Death ſhall divorce my Affection from you.

Sir, I prefer before all other Intereſts, the Happineſs of your Affection, and the new Aſſurance of our Friendſhip.

I wiſh my Power were as able as my Deſire is to ſerve you.

Cruel Fair One, Do not *Tantalize* me thus with Smiles and Frowns; but either ſay you love me, and crown my Deſires; or with a killing No, end at once both my Life and Miſeries.

Deareſt Miſtreſs, Crown your Servant with this Favour, as to ſay that you do not hate me, if your Heart be ſo obdurate that you will not vouchſafe to love me.

Faireſt, Be but as deſirous of my content, as I am to ſerve you.

Deareſt Love, Since I cannot be admitted to taſte the ſweet Nectar of your Lip, let me preſume to raviſh a Kiſs from your Hand.

Harbour not Cruelty in your Heart, leſt you ſpoil the Cabinet by putting ſuch unworthy traſh in it.

The Aſpect of your Eyes are to me the Embaſſadors of Life and Death.

Who can reſiſt the irreſiſtible Force of your Beauty?

Madam, You are the ſole Empreſs of my Heart, where you ſit enthroned with a commanding Power.

Your Eyes are *Cupid's* Quivers, wherewith he ſhoots his Darts of Love.

What Pen is able ſufficiently to expreſs your tranſcendent worth?

Sir, Let me desire you to accept of this small Mite of Acknowledgment in part of Recompence for those many Favours received from you.

When I contemp'ate your most excellent Parts and my own Deficiencies, it makes me blush to think how far I come short of your rare Endowments.

Sir, I am your most endeared Servant.

I shall think my self truly happy in the Enjoyment of so noble a Friend.

Sir, I hope your Candour is sufficient to dispel all Clouds of Suspicion, that might seem to eclipse my Reality.

Sir, Your Vertue conquers Hearts as irresistibly as *Alexander* the Great conquered Kingdoms.

Madam, He that knows the effects of your all-conquering Beauty, will not deny that Maxim, *Omnia vincit amor.*

Madam, Your very Looks carry in them the Oratory of Love.

Sir, Your well-tun'd Words carry in them the Harmony of Musick.

Dearest Mistress, In the Furnace of my agonies, grant me the refreshing of a Smile.

Madam, Could I but Conceit my self worthy of your Favour; it would make me think my state far above all others whatsoever.

Sir, The whole World shares in the Enjoyment of your Health, seeing Fate hath ordained you for the Service of Kings, and Conduct of People.

Sir, Your Eminences are so great, that the Vertues of our Fore-fathers are to be esteemed as Vices in comparison of yours.

Madam, You look and speak so sweetly, as if all the Graces had their residence in your Eyes and Mouth.

What

What Tongue is able ſufficiently to expreſs your Excellencies?

The removing of a Veil which ſhews in the Night the glory of a Scene beautified, dazles not my Eyes ſo much as your refulgent Beauty.

Sir, I dare not take upon me the boldneſs to ſpeak, but under the leave of your far better Judgment.

Sir, The Honour of your Friendſhip ſo obligeth me to make ſome worthy acknowledgment, that I am moſt reſolute to ſerve you.

Sir, Should I be falſe to you in this matter, I refuſe not to make my Life a Sacrifice to your Wrath.

Sir, I have neither Power nor Ability left me but only to Expreſs that I am Yours.

Deareſt Miſtreſs, Are not my own Misfortunes enough, but that you muſt further Burthen me with your diſpleaſure?

Madam, It is impoſſible to ſee you without loving you, and much more to love you without being Extreme in that Affection.

Madam, Every word you ſpeak, falls like a freſh Jewel to encreaſe your value.

Condemn not in your Servant the Flames which your own Rays have kindled.

Cruel Fair One, Command not my abſence, for I'll always dwell with you like your Shade.

Many Months are now paſt ſince my Heart hath encreaſed the number of your Vaſſals.

Deareſt Miſtreſs, Suffer my Eyes to pay Tribute where my Heart pays Love.

Madam, I want Power to expreſs how much I am yours.

Let me yet Enjoy this Comfort, as to ſuffer my Eyes to Diſcourſe my Griefs.

Let

Let me die before I entertain a Thought that may any way yield you the leaſt diſcontentment.

Deareſt Miſtreſs, Pity my Sorrows, which are only mine, becauſe I am ſo Extremely yours.

Madam, You Honour me beyond all compaſs of Merit, in the Enjoyment of your Company.

Madam, Your Breaſt is a Paradiſe of unſpotted Goodneſs.

Sir, I Account my ſelf very Happy that I can ſerve you in any thing.

Sir, Your Herbical Qualities ſhine forth in you, being as reſplendent as *Phœbus* in a ſerene Day.

Sir, Your Requeſts ſhall be Commands in any thing wherein I can ſerve you.

Sir, I ſhall not dare to ſpeak of my Valour, ſo long as you are in Preſence.

Faireſt, Let me deſire you that the ſhowers of your Mercy, may mitigate the fires of my burning Fancy.

Cruel Fair One, Can your Heart be ſo obdurate as not to give my Sorrows one Minute's Truce.

Know, *Madam*, That in Commanding me not to Love you, you require of me impoſſibilities.

Madam, The Calamities I ſuffer by your Diſdain, Challenge the Tribute of a Bleeding Eye.

Believe this, *Divineſt Miſtreſs*, That what I am is at your Command.

Madam, You are the Empreſs of a Mind matchleſs for Vertue.

Madam, Your Vertues are as conſpicuous, as the Sun in a ſerene Sky.

Sir, If your Occaſions can make uſe of my beſt Endeavours, I ſhall Account the Employment an Honour unto me.

Sir, When I Contemplate your Perfections, I begin to abbor my ſelf for my Deficiences.

Sir,

Sir, I assure you that for what I have spoken in your just praise, I am rather your Debtor than Creditor herein.

Sir, Your Heroick Acts will give matter enough to succeeding Historians to Treat on.

Sir, Your Brave undaunted Spirit dignifies your Family many Stories high in the Estimate of Fame.

Sir, I rejoice in the Happy Election I have made of so Honourable a Friend.

Sir, Those excellent Parts wherewith you are Endowed, cannot but be acknowledged by Envy and admir'd at by Truth.

Dearest Mistress, Be but as pitiful as you are fair, and I will banish all despair clear from my Heart.

Fair One, Know that the Passions of my Love are so Extreme, that the more you think to quench them by disdain, the greater Flames you encrease by desire; and the more you think to gall them with hate, the more they gape after Love.

Madam, One smile from you Transports my Heart into *Elizium*.

Madam, Say not I Flatter you, but survey your self, and you will then conclude that I have done you no wrong.

Madam, I have no Soul but to adore you.

How greedily my Ears do feed upon your charming Voice.

Forbid me rather to live than not to love you.

Madam, Your very presence is a Restorative unto me.

Your Face when it shines forth, expels the Night more than a Thousand Stars.

Sir, Your pleasing Discourse shortens Time and lengthens Content.

Madam, My Constancy is such, that neither Time nor Absence, nor whatever Affliction Fortune

Fortune can throw upon me ſhall make it alterable.

Madam, One Kiſs from your Roſie Lips would Warm the chilleſt Blood, and Revive the moſt drooping Spirit.

Madam, He that ſhall behold you would think it were impoſſible for Nature to Frame, or not to Counterfeit ſuch admirable Features.

Her Eyes are ſo full of Grace and Quickneſs, as makes the Enamoured Lover to ſurfeit with Delight.

If I could be ſo happy as to obtain my wiſh, it ſhould be that my Deſerts might be ſuitable to my Deſires, and my Deſires ever pleaſing to your Deſerts.

Let me Seal my Happineſs with a Kiſs from your Life-breathing Lips.

Madam, That you have conferred your Love upon me, it is a matter ſo far above my Merits, that I cannot think upon it without Preſumption.

Though it be Winter in other places, yet your Face is always a perpetual Spring of Beauty.

O ſtain not ſuch excellent outward Graces, with the Appellation of a cruel Heart.

Reſolve not my Death, by diſdaining my Service.

Lady, Let me adviſe you to make uſe of your Time, and to gather your Roſe-Buds whilſt you may, for Age will ſteal on; and when you have no further Attractions than an Eloquent Tongue, no Man will Court you for the Furrows in your Face, and you ſhall only be left to bewail the Ruins of your Beauty.

Fair One, Could I reſiſt Fate, then might I repel my Affections to you.

Deareſt

Deareſt Miſtreſs, I cannot but confeſs how much my ſmall deſert is over-balanced by your unſpeakable goodneſs

Sir, Your Rhetorick is like the Muſick of *Orpheus's* Harp, enough to draw Trees and Stones to be attentive unto you.

Deareſt Love, Your Preſence hath beſtowed a New Complexion on me, and ſtained my Cheeks with a Vermilion Dye.

The Proportion of my Love is without bounds, as being infinite.

Your Beauty it is that hath made me a Priſoner, O let your Bounty ſet me Free.

Sir, Your Vertues commend you above the reach of Envy it ſelf.

Sir, To ſpeak no more than what is due to your Praiſe, may by ſome be accounted Flattery.

Sir, Your Speech appeareth in ſuch coſtly Robes, and is adorned with ſuch lofty and glorious Language, that my poor Cabinet affordeth no ſuch Treaſure.

Madam, Give me but the Enjoyment of your Company, and in my Conceit I am Crowned an Emperor.

Madam, Your Preſence is the Food of my Thoughts, and your Abſence an Extreme Famine.

In the Enjoyment of you I Envy not *Cræſus* for his Wealth nor *Miltiades* for his Conqueſts, being poſſeſſed of a richer Treaſure than they ever Enjoy'd.

Madam, Let me ſay thus much in my own Defence, that your Diſpleaſure is quite contrary to my Deſert.

Deareſt Miſtreſs, Think not that I Flatter, ſince my Tongue is the real Interpreter of my Thoughts.

Sir,

Sir, That which we call Vertue in others, we find in your ſelf to be a Natural Habit.

I never knew Vertue and Valour ſo ſweetly mix'd together as in your worthy Self.

Madam, I find by your Excellent Oratory that you are Enriched with more Perfections than Years.

Sir, Your Oratory ſtrikes me Dumb; whilſt others only Hear, I ſtand and Admire.

Sir, Though I have no Rhetorick to perſwade you, yet there's a Power in your acceptance to make plainneſs Faſhionable.

Sir, I ſhall think my ſelf Happy, that upon any Opportunity, you ſhall aſſign me an Employment wherein I may ſerve you.

Madam, Since the *Spring* hath diſplay'd it ſelf in your Beauty, make me not an unfortunate *Winter* in your Affection.

Madam, Your admirable Grace and ſingular Beauty, ſerveth as an Adamant to Captivate my Heart.

A Miſcellaneous Preſent of Sentences, to be uſed either in Diſcourſe or Writing.

DEEM it no glory to ſwell in Tyranny.

The *Date*-Tree is not known by the Bark but Bloſſom: Judge not by outward Appearance but inward Qualities.

When the *Halcions* Hatch, the Sea is not Tempeſtuous, nor does the *Phœnix* ſpread her Wings on her Neſt, but when there is a ſerene Sky.

The *Syrens* ſit and ſing, but their Seats are Environed with Rocks.

Dogs grow fierſer by Tying, and no Cage can pleaſe a *Bird*.

Vertue

Vertue like the clear Heaven is without Clouds, *Baſilisks* Eye is bright, but as prejudicial as a Thunderbolt.

As the *Ram* who goes back to return with the greater Force.

Women are *Panthers* to Allure, *Syrens* to Entice, in ſhew like *Tantalus*'s Apples, but touched, fall to Aſhes, he that drinks them drinks *Aconitum*.

Women are Feathers blown in the bluſter of their own looſe Paſſions, and are meerly the dalliance of the fleeting Winds.

Then they drew back, but drew back in ſuch ſort, that ſtill their Terror went forwards.

In *Creet* learn to Lye, in *Paphos* to Love, in *Greece* to Diſſemble, in *Spain* to be Proud, in *Italy* Wantonneſs, in *England* Gluttony.

Rome was not Built all in one Day, but who knows how many Days it was in Building?

Thoſe who deſired to be in Favour with *Alexander*, brought him either Philoſophers or Soldiers.

It is as ſhort as ſweet a Pilgrimage to Travel to your Lips.

A Booty richer than *Cæſar* in Ranſacking ſo many Cities.

More glory than *Alexander* in ſubduing Nations.

She was Vertuous enough to redeem her Sex from Calumny.

Soldiers muſt not fly at one Roar of the Cannon.

Love is equal to all, no Birth or Eſtate can Challenge a Prerogative in it.

A perpetual Spring of Beauty dwells in her Face, and a Perfume more Rich than the Spice of *Arabia* proceeds from her Mouth.

As

As the Sun ſoftneth the Wax but hardeneth the Clay.

That Pleaſure might cauſe Reading, Reading might gain Knowledge, Knowledge might win Pity, and Pity obtain Grace.

He ſatisfied, thou ſufficed.

Chaſtity keep charily.

What Similitudes ſhall I uſe ſufficiently to Illuſtrate your Excellencies?

An Ounce of *Give Me*, is better than a Pound of *Hear Me*.

Love with *Dido* and Feign with *Creſſilla*.

A Wanton ſhe never wants one.

Artemeſia could Frown as well as Smile; *Lucretia* though Chaſt yet Chid; *Neceſſaria Mala*.

Shun *Scylla* and fall into *Charybdis*.

The *Hyena* will Fawn on thee, but if thou follow her ſhe leads thee to a Den of Serpents.

Wiſe by our own Woes.

Diſdain not the Roſe becauſe of the Prickles, nor the Honey becauſe the Bee hath a Sting.

Pure White, Majeſtick, Fair, and well Poliſh'd.

Who more eſteemed *Homer*, the Prince of Poets, than did Great *Alexander*, that Univerſal Monarch?

When firſt I entred into this Labyrinth of Love.

A Courtezan's Perfections are of all others the moſt Pernicious.

Let me Rally my Thoughts once again in Order.

Meaſure not the Matter by the Man.

It is better to Love with Severity, than to Deceive with Sweetneſs.

I rather chuſe to bear all Injuries than to complain of Perſons laid to Reſt.

To Deceive under Friendſhip's Notion, is Double Treachery.

Honeſty is the beſt Policy.

Although

Although great ſtore of Jemms of this ineſtimable value glitter in your Crown Imperial, like fixed Stars of Heaven.

Praiſe not thy ſelf for being better than the worſt, but rather blame thy ſelf for being worſe than the beſt.

The Eagle hath Talons to ſtrike as well as Wings to ſhadow.

A *Syren* for his Eloquence.

The mirror of Love, and miracle of Nature.

Fairer than *Cloris* in all her Pride.

Her Beauty attracts Love, as the Load-ſtone doth Iron.

Enter more into the Mind of the Giver, than the Worth of the Gift.

Kings and Beggars cannot triumph in a ſympathy.

Look not ſo much above thee upon others to admire their Wealth, as upon others below thee to fear their Want.

When Time, the Mother of Truth ſhall decide all Controverſies.

What Tongue that is not Eloquent, ſhall dare to ſpeak of her Perfections?

Men ſpeak of Women according as they find, and by the Knowledge of one, paſs Judgment of the reſt.

The *Panther* is gay, yet deadly.

As raſh as *Icarus*.

The *Bee* carrieth Honey in her Mouth, but a Sting in her Tail.

The Refuſe of Natures Excrement.

Accompanieth it as the Shadow doth the Sun.

The foul Toad hath a fair Stone in her Head; the fine Gold is found in the hard Earth; the ſweeteſt Kernel in the hardeſt Shell; Vertue is

harbour'd in the Heart of him that moſt Men eſteem moſt miſhapen.

Like a Mourner with a Taper by him.

The *Sea-Crab* ſwimmeth always againſt the Stream, as doth Wit againſt Wiſdom.

Norris is an Herb that will poyſon Sheep, but a preſent Help for a Man that is poiſoned.

The vulgar Multitude have Ears to hear, and Eyes to ſee, but not Diſcretion to judge.

A Youth of Wax, fit to receive any Impreſſion that ſhall be put upon him.

Exerciſe not thy Cruelty upon Beaſts; thou thy ſelf feareſt Death, think then that they are loth to die.

As the *Cock*, who by long ſcraping on the Dunghil, diſcovers the Knife that ſhall cut his own Throat.

Love is above Reaſon, but not contrary to it

Love and Suretyſhip are eaſie to enter into, but hard to get out of

A Courtezans Love is the moſt deep Hatred of all others.

Frugality is the Nurſe of Hoſpitality.

So over-charged with a deep Melancholy, that no Mirth whatſoever could draw one Smile from him.

Choice Similitudes and Compariſons for the better gracing of our Language.

LIke to *Diana* in her Summer Weeds, tripping it over the flowry Lanes and Meadows.

His Arguments like Arrows, ſwifter of Flight than ſure of Aim.

Like

Like ſome, unwiſely Liberal, who more delight to give Gifts than to pay Debts.

Vertue is like the clear Heaven without Clouds.

Like Lightning, which melteth the Sword, yet hurteth not the Scabbard.

As the Chirurgeon ſearches the wound before he heals it.

His Speech as amorous as the Lin's of *Ovid.*

As ſweet as the Breath of new blown Roſes.

They are fairer than the *Cyprian* Goddeſs when ſhe put her Countenance in the beſt Dreſs to win *Adonis* to her Embraces.

Like as Muſick is the ſweet Recreation of a wearied Mind.

When the Sun, like a noble Heart began to ſhew his brighteſt Countenance in his loweſt Eſtate.

As valiant as *Alexander*, who propoſed the whole World for his Conqueſt.

As Bones once broken, being knit together, grow the ſtronger.

As feigned a Friend as the *Crocodile*, who devours whilſt ſhe weeps.

Quite contrary to kind, as Froſts in *June*, or hot Weather in *December*.

As bloody as *Nero*, who ripp'd up his Mother's Belly to ſee the Place of his Conception.

Set as civil a Face on it as *Lucretia*, Chaſtities firſt Martyr.

As the Onion cauſeth the Eye to weep, altho' the Heart be joyful.

As ſome cry with laughing.

As the Shepherds Wife, who dreſſeth not her ſelf til the approach of her Husband.

Like the Snail that carrieth her Houſe on her Head.

Like a Bed of Roſes where Flowers are mixed with Prickles.

Like to the *Dolphin*, whom Muſick's ſound bringeth to the Shore.

Being like a Roſe out of a Briar, an excellent Son, or an evil Mother.

As beautiful as ſhe for whom *Troy* endured a Ten Years Siege.

As a Man may be drowned in a little Rivolet as well as in a large Sea.

Like Gold which is a reſtorative both to the Body and Purſe.

As the Rain refreſhes the parched Earth in *July*.

As welcome as Health after Sickneſs, Wealth after Want, Freedom after Confinement, or the Sight of a Husband to his Wife after a long Journey.

Becomes him as ill as an unwieldy Elephant, to imitate a Whelp in his wantonneſs.

As impoſſible as to extinguiſh Fire with Oil.

His Poetry more ſpiritleſs than ſmall Beer.

As nothing will kill an Aſs but cold.

As the falling Man catches at any Thing to ſtay him.

As the riſing Sun ſoon dries up the Morning-Dew.

He redoubled his Blows as faſt, giving as many Wounds as Blows, and as many Deaths almoſt as Wounds, as if he intended to make the earth drunk with their Blood.

Like the Violence of an Inundation, which no Force is able to reſiſt.

As the Traveller, who by the multiplicy of Ways is brought out of his right Way, and having ſtore of choice, yet knows not which to chuſe.

Love

Love by Concealment encreaſes, and private imaginations add Fuel to that Fire.

About which two, as about the two Poles, the Sky of Beauty was turned.

Lovers ſorrows are like the reſtleſs Labours of *Syſiphus*.

Attracted by your Beauty as by an Adamant.

Caſtles long beſieged do yield at the laſt.

By their outward Habits ſhewed the inward Affliction of their Hearts.

Violence done to the Body is no Prejudice to Honour, when the Mind is free from Conſent.

Women delighting altogether in Extreams, ſpare no Attempts to compaſs their own Wills.

Fortune is always a fatal Enemy to Lovers ſtollen Felicities.

Much more Noble by Vertue than Deſcent of Blood.

Sin and Shame can never be ſo cloſely carried or clouded with the greateſt Cunning, but Truth hath a loop-hole whereby to diſcover it.

Womens Wits are always beſt upon ſudden Conſtraints.

Many Men who while they ſtrive to climb from a good Eſtate to a ſeeming better, do become in much worſe Condition than they were before.

More full of Craft and Deceit, than Love or faithful Dealing.

Many times it comes to paſs, that by how much the lower Hope declineth, ſo much the higher Love aſcendeth.

Sol, now retiring towards the Weſt, the Days Warmth was more mildly qualified.

The Privilege of Idleneſs is very potent, eſpecially when it is back'd by Solitude.

Their Senſes having ſufficiently banqueted on thoſe ſeveral Beauties.

I only live at your Command.

In ſpeaking of the Actions of Love, there never wanteth ſufficient Subject.

Diſputes do better become the Colleges of Scholars, than to be managed amongſt Diſtaffs or Samplers.

Determining to kill Death with their Jovial Diſpoſition

That I ſhould have the Honour to break the firſt Staff of Freedom in this fair Company.

God's Goodneſs regards not our Errors, when they proceed from Things which we cannot diſcern

The baſhful Blood mounting up into her Face, gave apparent Teſtimony that his Diſcourſe reliſhed of Immodeſty.

Fire of its own Nature taketh hold of ſuch things as are moſt light and tender.

The Birds ſit merrily ſinging on the blooming Branches.

Who will not make his Enemy a Bridge of Gold to flee by?

Lais that had ſo many Poets to her Lovers, could not always preſerve her Beauty with their Praiſes.

That Love is ill grounded that deſtroys its ſelf through Ignorance.

Love in a Tavern is as ridiculous as Wine in an Ale-houſe.

Delighting more in Arms than Amours.

By pleaſant Diſcourſe clipping the Wings of ſpeedy flighted Time.

Youth not accuſtomed to diſſembling eaſily diſcloſeth his Temper.

Look

Look Babies in each others Eyes.

Their Love being like Breath on Steel soon on, and soon off.

None speak his Name but spit after it, for fear of being poisoned.

By your self, that is, by all that's Good.

A Disposition would turn Charity it self into Hate.

Making the Soul climb up into the Ear.

Furnished with all fair Objects that might deliver Delight to the admiring Fancy.

You may as soon go kindle Fire with Snow,
As Morning Dew upon the damask Rose.
Two Souls joined in one Desire.

Her Tears were black Mourning to be her Tears.

Blessing himself with his Mistress's Eyes.

The dumb Wax pitying my too nigh approaching Unhappiness, seemed to be an unwilling Messenger of my Misery.

Water and Water are not more alike.

Brave it in the Shop that have nothing in the Ware house.

Not caring how the Metal of their Mind is eaten with the Rust of Idleness.

A Happiness which Jove himself would be proud of.

In whose Comparison all Whites are Ink.

Wearing their Faces to the bent of others Looks.

Certain as the unchanged Edicts of Fate.

Whiter than new fallen Flakes of purest Snow.

Their Senſes having ſufficiently banqueted on thoſe ſeveral Beauties.

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In whose Comparison all Whites are Ink.

Wearing their Faces to the bent of others Looks.

Certain as the unchanged Edicts of Fate.

Whiter than new fallen Flakes of purest Snow.

Witty and pleasant Proverbs to be used upon sundry Occasions.

THE higher the Ape climbs, the more he shews his Nakedness.

Young men think old men Fools, but old men know young men to be Fools.

A Wife and Goodness are oftentimes two different Things.

Better is one Bird in the Hand, than two in the Bush.

He that lives in Hope danceth without Musick.

I had rather see a Wren in the Cage, than an Eagle in the Clouds.

Crabs by Nature may become good Apples by Art.

Love me and love my Hound.

He hath great need of a Fool that playeth the Fool himself.

Marrying and Hanging go by Destiny.

Fair Words makes Fools fain.

Much Water goes by the Mill that the Miller never wots of.

Quick Believers need broad Shoulders.

Hot Love is soon cold.

Near is my Petticoat, but nearer is my Smock.

Make a Coward fight and he will kill the Devil.

New Bread and Grapes paint young Maids, and take away Wrinkles from the old.

Sorrow quits no scores.

Love and Friendship brook no Fellowship.

Fair Wenches cannot want Favours.

Gaming, Women, and Wine, whilst they laugh make Men pine.

A Woman and a Glass are ever in danger.

Mar-

Marriages are made on Earth, but Matches are made in Heaven.

One Fool may throw a Stone into a Well, which Twenty wiſe Men cannot get out again.

A rowling Stone never gathers Moſs.

The burnt Child dreads the Fire.

When the Steed is ſto'n ſhut the Stable Door.

We muſt live by the Quick, and not by the Dead.

Good to make Hay whilſt the Sun ſhines.

None knows where the Shooe pinches but he that wears it

The Leg of a Lark is better than the whole Body of a Kite.

Love me little and love me long.

Live in hope to ſcape the Rope.

The nearer the Church, from God the farther.

Shrugging of Shoulders is no paying of Debts.

Curſt Cows have commonly ſhort Horns.

When the Lion's Skin is too ſhort, piece it out with the Fox's Tail.

He that ſtumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

Great Boaſt and ſmall Roaſt makes but a cold Kitchen.

When the Fox preaches let the Geeſe beware.

Better at the latter end of a Feaſt, than the beginning of a Fray.

Love and Drunkenneſs cannot be hid.

Moſt covet, moſt loſe.

One Hand is enough in a Purſe.

Eat a Buſhel of Salt with a Man before you truſt him.

Like to like quoth the Devil to the Collier.

The Devil is good when he is pleaſed.

When the Sky falls we ſhall have Larks.

Love and Majeſty brook no Rivals.

Give Loſers leave to ſpeak.

The Cat and the good Wife ſhould be always at home.

The Kettle calls the Skellet black Arſe.

Vice corrects Sin.

An Ounce of Mirth is better than a Pound of Sorrow.

No Penny, no *Pater-noſter.*

He that borrows, ſpeeds with ſorrows.

Far fetch'd, and dear bought, is good for Ladies.

Look not a gift Horſe in the Mouth.

Thoſe that have enough, may put enough in the Pot.

Where there is nothing to be had, the King muſt loſe his Right.

Happy is that Wooing that's not long a doing.

Fire is a good Servant, but an ill Maſter.

He that comes laſt muſt kiſs the Cook.

Give an Inch, and take an Ell.

Sweet Meat muſt have ſowre Sauce.

A liſping Laſs beſt to kiſs.

The more the merrier, but the fewer the better Chear.

Elegant

Elegant and Choice LETTERS Upon ſeveral Occaſions.

A Letter of Thanks for a Token.

SIR,

THE greatneſs of your Token, heightned by the Conſideration of my own Indeſert, was no leſs than a ſurpriſal to me: It was much commended by all that participated, and you have therein obliged many you never ſaw; they call themſelves Securities in the Obligations due to you. In the diſcharge whereof, they will be faithful Contributers; conſidering the magnificence of the Preſent, they will involve all their Intereſt with that of mine, as being moved with natural Principles to reſolve, ſuch Favours muſt not go unrequited, until we agree upon ſome ſuitable Preſent, for a further Acknowledgment,

I am, Yours moſt obliged,
R. N.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

THE ſmall Token was more than ordinarily ſeaſonable to be the Cauſe of ſo much Acknowledgement, however you are pleaſed to complement it; I ſuppoſe the Company delighted more than the Preſent, impute it to the Benefit of your good Wine, which prepared

prepared the Palate for ſo coarſe a Diſh; I was not at all ambitious of ſuch eloquent Thanks only to tender my Reſpects to you, if you had the Opportunity to gratifie any Friends, I am glad for your ſake; I pray take their Acknowledgments as due to your Self, pray continue to make me Happy by frequent Advice of your Welfare, which is all that is deſired by

Your Cordial Friend,

R. S.

An Apprentice to his Father in the Country.

SIR,

I Have great Reaſon to be ſenſible of your care of me in my Minority: let theſe ſerve to acquaint you, that having now acquired thoſe requiſite Qualifications which at my firſt Arrival I was ſomething wanting in; I hope *London* may prove the Forge of my Preferment, as it hath of many others, tho' I muſt expect it with much Difficulty. Your powerful Prayers to Heaven I hope will have that Effect as to make me double my Induſtry; as Time and further Converſe with Citizens ſhall enable me, I ſhall give you larger Informations, I having not attained any Thing worth your Knowledge, or that may be ſerviceable to you in your Diverſion in the Country.

Sir, I am your moſt dutiful Son,

W. M.

To entreat a Maid to ſpeak to her Miſtreſs in the Way of Love.

Sweetheart,

I Know your Place, and that Credit which you hold with your Miſtreſs, gives you a priviledge ſometimes to ſpeak to her with boldneſs; be pleaſed therefore to take ſome happy Opportunity to caſt in ſome Words that might ſtir Affection

fection in my behalf, and move her to take ſome Pity and Compaſſion on her unworthy Servant, and I will account it the greateſt Courteſie you could do for a diſtreſſed Lover. I need not inſtruct you what Arguments to uſe to perſwade her, ſince what you Maids conceive to be beſt in your own liking, move that to her; and if ſhe give a weak and feeble Anſwer, you make take it for ſufficient Proof, that there is hope ſhe will incline to love me; if ever therefore you hope to thrive in your own Fortunate Marriage, take upon you that Employment as to ſolicite her to look upon me with Favour, and you ſhall not be rewarded with bare Thanks, but ſuch a Teſtimony of my Gratitude as ſhall be to your Satisfaction; in earneſt whereof be pleaſed to let your Finger grace this Diamond Ring, and be mindful of me, that at my next coming, I may receive ſuch Comforts as may revive the much diſcontented Mind of a true affectionate Lover.

Her Anſwer.

SIR,

PRomiſe your ſelf all the Aſſiſtance that lies in me; I know what critical Hour Womens Affections are moſt inclinable, I will put home at firſt for you, afterwards you muſt do it your ſelf; be aſſured, that what my weak underſtanding can invent ſhall be all expreſſed to make my Miſtreſs place her Affection on you, wherein I hope, through my Endeavours, you ſhall be fortunate.

A wanton Love-Letter.

Lady,

COuld you peruſe my Heart, you there might ſee your ſelf enthron'd, and all my Faculties paying their Homage to your Memory; propoſe

propoſe but a Courſe how I may win your Belief, were the way to it as deep as Danger, or from hence to the Center, I will ſearch it out. For by all my Hopes, by all thoſe Rites that crown a happy Union, by the Roſie Tincture of your Cheeks, and by your all-ſubduing Eyes, I prize you above the World. O then, my fair *Venus*, can you be afraid of Love? His Brow is ſmooth, and his Face beſet with Banks full of Delights; about his Neck there hangs a golden Chain of wanton Smiles, let us then taſte the Pleaſures that *Cupid* commands, who is no Niggard: Thus I take my leave, and reſt

Your Beauties Admirer,
N. G.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

I Am very ſorry the Diſeaſe of the Time hath ſo prevailed upon you, the Perfection of Complements (as it is now thought) is to corrupt Honeſty, and undermine Vertue. Your Cogitations have found ſuch eaſie Entrance that I ſuſpect their Truth, they ſeem to ſavour of Art more than Paſſion; upon my Life I cannot frame my ſelf to believe one Word of your flattering Letter. I can ſee through all your Miſts, were I a Goddeſs as you term me, and Siſter to Phœbus, *or armed like* Minerva, *I would transform you ſtraight, and fix you up a Monument for your Hypocriſie: Theſe are but Things of Cuſtom with you, and all your Vows are but a Cloud of Wind and Emptineſs, forced on by the ſtorm of Luſt, when that is over and your Thoughts calmed, then you will perhaps love that Vertue which did with-hold you as a Tie and Anchor from driving to Deſtruction: So wiſhing you more temperate Thoughts, I leave you,*

And am

M. R.

From

From a Lover to his Sweetheart in the Country.

Dear Heart,

I Have endeavoured with a more than Maſculine Temper to ſuppreſs thoſe Thoughts that prompted me to write to you in the Country, knowing how much it will conduce to your Happineſs and mine, to carry Things for a time as privately as may be, but

The Light of hidden fire it ſelf diſcovers,
Love that is concealed betrays poor Lovers.

I could no longer forbear writing to you, in whoſe Welfare my Happineſs conſiſts, but ſince I have ventured to Epiſtolize, I hope you will make it no Sin to make me your Example; were you of my mind we would no longer thus complement in Miſts I am here, though in a great and populous City, becauſe wanting your Company, all alone, and if you haſten not to make me happy with your Preſence, I cannot long ſubſiſt with my Life; thus taking my leave, I kiſs your Hands and remain

Your Humble Servant,

M. B.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

YOU are very venturous to ſend your Letter by the common Carrier, but by good Fortune my Fingers were the firſt that broke it open: I am here among my Friends, who will by no means hear of any Departure, though I earneſtly beg Diſmiſſion: you know my Affection to you, nor ſhall any thing be of force to alter it; but as you love me ſend no more Letters, for you are not ignorant to what Miſery I ſhall be expoſed in caſe.

case my Father take the leaſt notice of our Loves, who hates you mortally, and while he doth ſo, cannot love me. I ſhall be in Town within Three Weeks, no Perſwaſion ſhall retard me, in the mean time reſt aſſured, that you have the ſole Command of

Your Truly Loving,

J. R.

A Letter of Complement.

SIR,

THE high Eſteem I have ever had of you, commands my Quill to manifeſt how much Service I owe to your worthy ſelf, a Man made up of the choiceſt Endowments, and born to bleſs this ſordid Age with the ſublimeſt Splendor; I could grow old in your Company, and ſequeſter my ſelf from the Society of all Mankind meerly to ſerve you; nor can I be buffeted by Fortune, while I boaſt my ſelf your Creature, whoſe ſingle Friendſhip outvies all the Society in this magnificent City. Were all Wits blended in one Bulk, they could not make the Shadow of your Ingenuity; ſo that Antients have no cauſe to brag of their Giantick Maſters of Wit and Senſe, while you have a Being on Earth, or while Fame ſhall trumpet your Memory. I ſhall implore (with the loweſt Submiſſion) that you will begin to irradiate my gloomy Manſion with your Illuſtrious Perſon to Morrow about Dinner-time, where a number of Votaries will wait to receive Oracles from your melliſluous Mouth, and amongſt them,

Your humble Servant,

E. O.

The

The Anſwer.

SIR,

I Receiv'd your Eloquent Epiſtle, and truſt me I am almoſt of Belief, that you fomented ſuch a Plot on purpoſe to poſe me; do you think that every Genius can keep pace with yours; whoſe boundleſs Fancy flows out like a Torrent, tearing up all Obſtacles like ſome impetuous Inundation? In attributing ſuch Glories to me, you only teach me what you ſay of your ſelf, who are truly what you feign me but to be: I ſhall wait upon you to Morrow at the Hour appointed, but your Friends muſt expect nothing from me, ſave the Manifeſtation of a ſincere Affection like them to ſerve you, and ſo proſtrate the little I am Maſter of at your Feet, as becomes,

Sir,

Your humble Admirer,

A. B.

From an Uncle or Guardian, perſwading a young Laſs to marry an Old Man.

Niece,

I Sent the Gentleman I mentioned (Mr. *M. G.* a Man of great Subſtance, and very Eminent among his Neighbours) to you Yeſterday to propoſe (what my ſelf mention'd unto him) a Marriage to you; but was there ever ſuch a croſs Creature as you thus to ſtand in your own Light, have you a Mind utterly to undo your ſelf? he tells me that you receiv'd him with the higheſt Scorn, and could hardly be brought to look upon him, that your Abuſes were monſtrous, affronting him to his Heels; he ſwears he had rather be under Twenty Executions, than the Laſh of your Tongue: Now fie upon thee, fooliſh Girl, who wilt not be guided by thy Friends,

abuſe

abuse a Man of his Gravity; if you take this course you will quite alienate my Affection and I know not who will confer any Portion upon thee if I should cast you off; so wishing you more Discretion, I leave you, being very much desirous (if you would let me) to prove my self,

Your truly loving Uncle,

G. S.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Wonder you would put such a Man as Mr. M. G upon me, alas! he may be my Father for Years, I dare be confident, that a Catamice hath more Vigour in him than he, there is not so much as one masculine Grain in that sapless Trunk of his, a Fellow that is as bald as a Looking-glass, and whose Diseases would puzzle an able Arithmetician to recount; is he a fit Match for me? There is not a Joint of him that is free from the Gout, which hath seized not only upon his Feet but his Fingers, which is all the Srrength he can boast of; were I married to him I must spend my whole Life in rubbing him with hot Woollen Cloths and applying Plaisters, Trenchers, Cataplasms to his Belly, so that I should undergo the Officee of a Chirurgeon, and not a Wife. Good Sir, consider the Inequality, the prodigious Discrepancy betwixt us, and command me not to that which will ruin both my self and him; in all Things (this excepted) my Obedience shall wait upon your Commands as becomes your obedient Niece.

R. B.

A Letter of Love.

Madam,

YOUR Looks have taken me Prisoner, I am quite captivated and bound with the golden Chains of your loose Hair, so that my Destiny hath its Dependance upon your Frowns or Smiles.

I here

I here preſent you with a fond Oblation, a Heart that brings its own Fire with it, and burns before your Beauties Deity, offered up with a zealous Devotion, as ever yet True Love ſacrificed any, by that Shrine to whom I pay my Oriſons, that fair *Idea* that cools all my Thoughts? thy ſelf I mean, that Seat of Pleaſures, this Spring of Love that flows from my Soul runs in as pure a Stream as thy matchleſs Vertues, being full fraught with Zeal, and free from all adulterate Mixtures, therefore (dear Lady) let me not fall a Victim to your Rigour, ſince I cannot live longer than you ſhall permit me to call my ſelf,

Your only Servitor.
A. P.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

HE *that is accuſtomed to deceive, gains this Reward by it,* that when he ſpeaks Truth he is not credited; *you think now that your Love and Luſt together are ſo cunningly interwoven, and with ſuch ſubtle Threds, that I cannot diſtinguiſh them. Alas, Sir, I have your Character already, for the moſt perfidious and Love-abuſing Creature in the World, that all your Vows are treacherous, your Smiles and Words, and Actions, like ſmall Rivulets through a thouſand Turnings of looſe Paſſions, at laſt are hurried to the dead Sea of Sin; ſhould you therefore diſſolve your Eyes to Tears, were every Accent a Sigh in your Speech, had you the ſeveral Spells and Magick Charms of Love, I ſhould ſeal my Ears up, that I might not hear your Diſſimulations: This you may make your Faith,*

From E. D.

A Let-

A Letter from a brisk Youth to a lively Lass.

Fair Joanna,

IF your Favour do not pay my Ranſom, I vow I muſt continue a Captive till Death, tho' one Comfort will be (in caſe you deny your Aid) my Life will be of no laſting Date, your Looks have wounded me, and will kill me if Quarter be not given; but you are no Amazonian Lady to put on ſteely Arms, and manage the Sword and Shield, though your Head be hidden in a Muſlin Helmet, and therefore I ſhall hope that the Softneſs of your Soul will not ſuffer you to become my Murderess: you are my *Venus*, make me your *Anchiſes*, my Soul, my Life, and Light. I proteſt, by all Things ſacred, that my Love to you is of ſuch Ardency, that Men that are newly lifted in ſome black Conſpiracy that are in Deſpair, or (which is worſt of all) in want, do enjoy more quiet Sleeps than I do. Your Idea is always before me; to multiply your Praiſes I know would rather win your Anger than your Applauſe, tho' I would ſay (with immaculate Truth for Warrant) that you are fairer than *Hebe*, wiſer than *Pallas*, and more continent than *Penelope*; it is my unhappineſs to know that a Creature of ſuch exquiſite Perfection lives, and yet not to know whether my Loyal Service may find Acceptation; you are the true *Venus* (Lady) make me your Prieſt, the Office will become me. However, dear Cherubin, let me not fail of an Anſwer by this Bearer, ſince I can live no longer than you ſhall allow me to call my ſelf,

Your vowed Votary.

Her

Her Answer.

SIR,

THE little Experience I have hitherto had of you, commands me to esteem you no less than a Friend to Vertue, but you do ill to talk so passionately, and think so coolly: You Men can play the Proteusses *at pleasure, and (with the Camelion) change your selves according to the Colour you look on, be seeming Realists here, and palpable Dissemblers in another place; this Day devout Amorists, to Morrow sullen Stoicks; yet will I thank you for that Love you make me believe you bear towards me, and whatever your Heart is, I shall not blush to tell you, that I dare meet your Love half way, provided it be honourable, and not glew'd to sinister Cogitations: This, Sir, you may believe, and accordingly determine of me, who am*

Yours in all civil Respects, *&c.*

A Letter of Complements to a Maid or Widow, the Lover excusing himself that he met not according to promise, &c.

Dear Mistress,

HAd I not a Hope that your immaculate Candour can whiten the blackest Crime, I should chuse rather to sacrifice my Life to incessant Sorrow, and consequently to inevitable Death, than add to my Guilt by apologizing for a Sin that cannot be remitted: By *Cupid*'s Bow and Quiver, by *Venus* Shrine, nay by your fair self, from whose bright Eyes the blind God fetches his Paphian Fire, and whose sacred Bosom is the true Temple of Divine Love, I could not (though I endeavoured it with the Hazard of my Life)

Life) meet you according to promiſe, ſome luckleſs Planet, without doubt, had governance over that ominous Day: I confeſs it were but Juſtice to caſt me off as a Thing not worthy your future Notice, who have contemned, tho' not wilfully, ſuch a Happineſs as Kings would have been proud to purchaſe with the Price of their Diadems; you may doom me to Death, I have deſerved it, and am ſo clogg'd with Guilt, that I have ſcarce Confidence enough to beg your Pardon; if any Penannce might expiate this black Overſight, I ſhould think you more than courteous in appointing me to Row upon the *Thames* for one Year, or to perſonate a *Merry Andrew* upon the Ropes the whole Time of *Bartholomew* Fair: ſo that were I ſo much a Brute (as Hiſtory makes *Brutus* to be) I ſhou'd undoubtedly ſign my own Paſs for the other World. Determine of me, dear Lady, out of Hand, it is ſome Happineſs, though a killing one, that the Malefactor is ſenſible of the worſt that can happen. Thus begging your ſpeedy reply, I humbly take my leave, and remain

Your afflicted, but affectionate Servant,

J T.

Her Anſwer.

SIR,

YOU *do very aptly imitate thoſe Children, who having tied Strings about the Legs of their Birds, ſometimes ſuffer them to gain Liberty to a great Diſtance, but when they pleaſe twitch them home again; there is no dallying with Loves Tools, his Arrows are ſharply pointed, and apt to wound a wanton Hand; can you think me ſo ſhallow to conceit that all the Buſineſs in the World ſhould have blockt up your Way to one you affected with a cordial Regard, and what fine Powers you*

call

call to witneſs with you that this Diſappointment could not be avoided, a blind Boys Bow, a blunt Dart, and a leaden Shrine. Well, Sir, you know what Command you have over me, and that a ſlender Excuſe will ſerve where the Injury is pardon'd e'er committed; all the Penance I ſhall impoſe is this, that you afford me a Viſit at my Manſion to Morrow in the Morning, about the Hour of Ten, where you ſhall find

Your faithful Friend,

R. P.

A Letter from a Batchelor or Widower, to the Maid or Widow that he is ſure to.

My dear Heart,

SInce the Heavens have ſo much favoured me, that your Conſent walks Hand in Hand with the ſerious Propoſals of my lawful Love, I can not but expreſs thoſe Joys that crowd about my Heart, and tell you, that as I was never happy till now, ſo I ſhall never find any Felicity but in your bleſſed Company, who are more to me than the Mines of *Mexico* or *Peru*, your Face affording the fulneſs of Beauty, your Body the *ſummum* of all Bliſs, and your Boſom the *baſis* of all Perfection: And reſt confident that the Sun ſhall ſooner ſhine without affording either Heat or Light, the Sea ceaſe Ebbing and Flowing, and the Earth be void of Inhabitants, e'er my firm fixed Affection fall from that bright Zenyth where my cordial Zeal has placed it. I am providing as faſt as may be for the Solemnization of our Hymeneal Rites, my true Love gives Wings unto my Haſte, for I long to fold thee in my Arms, who art my Light and Life, and to whom I ſhall ever prove my ſelf

Sincerely Affectionate, K. R.

Her

Her Anſwer.

Sweet Friend,

I Kindly thank you for your laſt Letter, and think my ſelf the happieſt ſhe in the World, who have the ſincere and unbyaſſed Affection of a Man ſo accompliſhed as your ſelf: Nor ſhall I fail to retribute your Cordiality with the Return of a true and unfeigned Zeal, my Heart is wholly yours, you ſit as ſole Sovereign there, and command each Thought e'er I can call it mine; my Subjugation to you is (in my Opinion) the moſt immense Tranquility that can poſſibly wait on Mortality; command me, dear Friend, as ſoon as you pleaſe, for the griping Miſer is not more deſirous of Mammon, or the hungry Man of Meat than I am to devote all I call mine to your Commands; to whom I ſhall ever manifeſt my ſelf

A Loyal Lover,

M. P.

A Lover being out of Hope ever to gain his Miſtreſs's Affection, thus takes his Farewel of her by Letter.

Scornful Lady,

HE that firſt folded his Arms, lookt pale, walkt diſconſolately, and ſighed his Sorrows in a penſive Tone, was he that firſt taught Women how to be cruel and relentleſs: Moſt inexorable Woman! have I ſo long courted thee with all the Reality of ſerious Love? have I lickt thy Spittle from the Earth, and proſtrated my ſelf at thy Feet as thy Footſtool, offering up more Prayers at thy Shrine than in the Temple, and will nothing mollifie thy obdurate Heart? what Excuſe canſt thou make for ſuch contemptuous Scorn? am I another *Hyponax*, or a miſ-

ſhapen

ſhapen *Thyrſites*? or has Time yet ſtampt the Characters of Age upon my Brow? or is my Eſtate ſo mean that I cannot maintain thee in more Pomp than thy Pride can dictate? if none of theſe can be charg'd upon me, let the World judge of thy Wiſdom; for me, I have found my Error, and will appoint my ſelf the ſtricteſt Penance: In the mean time, I gaze upon my *quondam* Abſurdities (in reference to th e) as Prodigies that predicted Ruin, but by h avenly Appointment are turned to good. So farewel fond and cruel Miſtreſs, and may both Poles meet before thy Love and my Affection, which is the firm reſolve of

Thy Mortal Enemy, T. T.

A Letter from a Woman, being forced to woo ſome obdurate Young Man.

Sweet Sir,

I Cannot but tax You of too much Harſhneſs and Diſſonancy, for flying her who ſo entirely affects You: Muſt *Daphne* follow *Phebus*? fie Sir! can you be ſo uneaſie, can you freeze in ſo hot a Summers-Day? Certain y it is your miſtake that occaſions this Scorn: I have Youth and ſome Beauty, e'ſe my Glaſs is treacherous, and all that cenſure me are meer Calumniators. I do confeſs I am too pliant, too much Woman, yet I can frown and n p the Paſſions of others even in the Bud. I can tell others that they court our Sex only to pleaſe their preſent Heat, and then it is their Pleaſure to leave us; I can hold off, and by the Chymical Power of my Countenance draw whole Rheams of Sonnets and Madrigals from the Brains of a weeping Lover; yet to you,

dear Sir, who are my better ſelf, I put off all thoſe neceſſary Niceties, and contrary to Cuſtom do that Office which no way befits a Woman, and intreat a Man to love: if you are humane, and have Blood and Spirit you cannot chuſe but relent; though you are as hard as Marble, yet I believe you are no Image; is it not deplorable that a thing of ſo exact a Form, ſhap't out with ſo true a Symmetry, that has all the Organs of Speech belonging to a Man, ſhould render all thoſe but lifeleſs Motions that walk upon wires: Then, dear Sir, leave off what you have been, and be what God and Nature intended you for, a Man, and embrace that real Love which is unfeignedly offered by

Your affectionate, R. R

A New Married Wife thus Diſcards her quondam *Lover by a Letter.*

SIR,

COuld not your own Diſcretion tell you that when I was married I was none of yours: Is it not time, Sir, to become vertuous? I hope you will forget our paſt Follies, and neither talk of our Intimacy, or cheriſh a Thought of our future Familiarity; your Eyes are now commanded to look off me, I ſtand now in the Marriage Circle ſafe and ſecure; nor can all your Spells, Charms, or Incantations be of force to remove me: It is the higheſt Sacrilege to violate Wedlock; you rob two Temples at once, and ſo make your ſelf doubly Guilty, while you ruin hers, and beſpatter her Husband's Honour; but I have hopes of your Conformity, and that for the time to come, you will love me vertuouſly, chaſtly, and modeſtly. So expecting, nay implo-

imploring your Compliance, I take my leave, and am

Yours, in all civil Service, E. W.

A Jeering Ironical Epiſtle.

SIR,

I Have ſo much care of your Health, that I cannot but intreat you (as the Welſh Philoſopher ſays) to take very many heeds, that your brains bring not your body to ruin. I hear you have undertaken all City Feaſts, Poſies for Chimnies and Chambers, and Entertainments whenſoever, and whereſoever, at the peril of your own Invention; 'tis a very noble Reſolve I confeſs, but you muſt conſider that the miſery of Man may fitly be compared to a Divedapper, who when ſhe is under Water paſt our Sight, and indeed can ſeem no more to us, riſes again, and does but ſhake her ſelf, and is the very ſame ſhe was: Even ſo, beloved Sir, is it ſtill with tranſitory Man. You have learnt the Names of the ſeveral Liberal Sciences, and have written Epiſtles Congratulatory to the Nine Muſes, and are indeed one of the Water-Bailiffs of *Helicon*: But what then? *Poverty is the Patrimony of the Muſes*; thoſe that have ſeen the ſad *Exit* of many a famous Poet, have made that old Law into a new Maxim: you are not to be taught that no Man can be learned of a ſudden, but let not your Project for Poetry diſcourage you; what (probably) you may loſe in that you may get again in Alchimy; but whatever happens, you muſt remember that the chief Note of a Scholar is to govern his Paſſions; keep your Hat on the Block, ſalute few bare-headed, eſpecially in Winter there is much danger in it. The Poet *Æſchilus* while he was

complementing with his Hat in his Hand, had his Brains beaten out by a Shell-Fish darted from an Eagles Claw, who took his bald Pate for a white Rock: I know you bruise your Brains and confine your self to much Vexation; I know also that Eight and twenty several Almanacks have been compiled, and all for several Years since first that Fabrick of yours was endued with Breath; and Eight and twenty times has *Phœbus* Carr run out his yearly Course since your Creation. I need not play the *OEdipus*, or say you are Eight and twenty Years of Age: so wishing you long Life, I rest and remain,

Yours verily, O. C.

To his Mistress, recover'd from an Ague.

Madam,

YOU may very well admire to receive a Letter from one whom long before this time you might have imagin'd to have been dead: A Patient which the Doctors gave over, and who himself acknowledges no Physick could have cured, but that of your fair Presence; which carried such a Sovereignty with it, that my Ague presently left me, and Nature in spight of my Disease, took Strength to her self and rais'd me up in my Bed, to make this clear acknowledgment of Cure to your Beauty. Madam, I now find my self rid of that Distemper, and am perswaded I shall sooner, for the future, suffer under the Violence of a Fever, than of a shivering Cold. I could not but express my fears to you, with my thanks, hoping that you will take care to preserve what you have again created. Be pleas'd to interest your Affection for my Safety and to defend

defend a Thing, whom your Goodneſs hath made ſo dear to you, as to be ever,

Madam, E. K.

To his retired Miſtreſs.

Lady,

YOU carry your Eyes like one of thoſe that wear a Veil: Not a Look of yours but preaches Chaſtity; and you are ſo confirm'd in a general Contempt of Mankind, that if Fortune her ſelf ſhould come to preſent you with a Husband, you would ſcarce go out of your Cloſet to meet him in your Chamber. You ſpeak of nothing but Religion and Cloiſters, and all your Entertainment, is diſcourſe of Mortification. Lady, not to diſſemble my Thoughts to you, I much fear, that a beginning like yours, ſo full of reſtraint, will afterwards be followed with a Progreſs of too much Liberty; and inſtead of the preciſe Demureneſs that you pretend, ſome Servant or other will read a new Hereſie in your face. I ſhall not at this time ſend you ſtudied Oaths or Proteſtations. I know ſome Moons muſt go about before you will acknowledge the Error wherein you live. For the preſent I ſhall only deſire you to take care of your Health, if not for your own, yet for the common Good of thoſe that love you; of which number he deſires to be the firſt, who preſumes to honour himſelf with the Title of,

Madam, W. P.

To his Miſtreſs, being diſoblig'd by her.

Lady, I did always expect this Favour from your ordinary Goodneſs, that I might promiſe my ſelf that you would have a little kind-

neſs for me; 'tis true, that I was pre-inform'd of your humour, but I could hardly believe it; or that you would diſoblige thoſe that ſhall do you Service and Friendſhip. I would not now complain of you, but that I ſhould give you Advantage by my ſilence that I had not diſcover'd the Subtilties of your Deceit, which is ſo malicious, that I have at once ſtript me both of Love and Hatred: And I am now impatient, till I have acquainted thoſe that yet profeſs their Service to you, how that of all the Ladies I ever knew, you are the moſt unworthy of Affection. In the mean ſpace, I beſeech you to believe, that thoſe Endeavours which you have employ'd to diſoblige me, have abſolutely taken away my Will and Deſire to be,

Lady, Yours to ſerve, R. P.

To his Miſtreſs, acknowledging the kindneſs of her Letters.

Lady,

I AM no leſs oblig'd to you for your Letters than for your Entertainments; and though I have not Judgment enough to cenſure their Goodneſs, I am not ſo unfortunate, as not to taſte of their Sweetneſs; I muſt entreat you to believe me, and not to forbear to make me Happy with them: You know not but that I may become a Ciceronian, being inſtructed by your eloquent Copies; which if I cannot reach to my ſelf, I will at leaſt ſhew them to thoſe, that ſhall render them excellent by their imitation. For certainly, without flattery, all Nature had need put her ſelf into Action, to find out your equal. Lady, I do with all ſerioufneſs acknowledge, that it is too great an Ambition for me, either to ſtile my ſelf your Scholar, or your Servant. *R. P.*

To excuſe to his Miſtreſs his too eaſie believing of falſe Reports.

Lady,

I AM impatient till I ſee you, that I may between your hands abjure all falſe Opinions. Only be pleas'd ſo to diſpoſe your ſelf, that you may accept of my Recantation. By my laſt Letters, you might perceive that I had let in ſome falſe Reports had almoſt poiſon'd the fair Soul of my Belief: But as ſoon as I receiv'd the Characters of your Hand, and perus'd the Simplicity of that naked Truth, wherewith you may put my Suſpicion to flight, I ſoon came to my ſelf. I was ever confident, whatever falſe Rumour divulg'd, that a Perſon of your noble Deportment, knew how to preſerve your ſelf in the greateſt Contagion: And that ye could run no other Peril in thoſe Adventures, but that of being importun'd. You expreſs in your Letter ſome weak Conjectures concerning me: I perceive we were both tainted with the ſame Imperfection. Lady, ſuch Jealouſies, though they are dangerous if diſpers'd, yet are the greateſt Confirmations of future Love. It was no great matter which of us chang'd our Opinion; it was no great matter which of us chang'd our Opinions firſt. The thick Breath is now gone off from the clear Cryſtal of our then blemiſh'd Affections. I aſſure you now, that I have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be perſwaded by your Reaſons; as for your Objections, they were not worth the confuting. Lady, you ſee how eaſily I am cured of this ſickneſs, being wholly diſpos'd to believe and obey you; and be to the uttermoſt of my power,

Lady, I am yours, W. P.

To his Miſtreſs, thanking her for the Acceptance of his Service.

Lady,

I AM now at laſt in part perſwaded, that I have now two the beſt Fortunes that the Earth can afford me; the Poſſeſſion of your Vertue, and of your favour. You may ſay, this Language is very fair, and that my Friendſhip ſpeaks like Love. I have no other Anſwer to return you, but that as you gain Hearts, you have found a way to enter into them, and ſee what Affections they produce. Let me therefore intreat you to behold the Violence of Devotion; and ſince I do entitle you my Goddeſs, be pleas'd to expreſs your ſelf by the effect of ſo fair a Name, in accepting the Heart more than the Hand, and prizing the Character of my Sincerity above the Value of my Oblation. Certainly I ſhould be the moſt Unfortunate among the living, ſhould you be a ſevere Cenſurer of my Works or Words; in both which there is neither Power nor Eloquence: But had I the one or the other in a perfect Degree, I ſhould never be able to ſhew you, as I would, the Deſire that inflames me to ſerve you, and to be

Lady, Your humble Servant, R. C.

To his Miſtreſs, deſiring her Picture.

Madam,

I Hope that you will not take amiſs the Requeſt that I do now make to you; that you will pleaſe to give me your Picture, knowing that I eſteem the Original more than any thing in the world. That fair Body enliven'd with ſo much Sweetneſs and Perfection, I hold in ſo great a Veneration,

ration, that I pant after the Shadow thereof. Be pleaſed therefore to eaſe my impatience by the grant of this Favour, aſſuring your ſelf that I ſhall place it among the greateſt Happineſſes that could ever befall,

Madam, Your moſt humble Servant, T. T.

The Reply.

SIR,

THE Requeſt that you make to me, to give you my Picture, is ſo obliging, that I am conſtrain'd to give my Conſent; not at all wondring that you have before your Eyes the Image of a Perſon that admires you ſo much; be pleaſed to believe this for a Truth, in recompence of that favour, which I beſtow on you, as alſo that I ſhall ever continue to be,

Sir, Your moſt humble Servant, *M. K.*

To his Miſtreſs, deſiring a Lock of Hair from her.

Madam,

YOU need not wonder at that Servitude to which you have reduc'd me; 'tis ſo pleaſing to me, that I do now requeſt from you new Chains, by the Gift of a Bracelet of your Hair, to tell you how much I ſhall eſteem this Favour, your Merit or my Love are only capable. And as you have the knowledge of my requeſt, ſo I ſhall leave you to think of anſwering my Deſires, and alſo of the Paſſion which I have to ſerve you, being more than ever,

Madam,

Your moſt humble and obedient Servant,

W. R.

The Reply.

SIR,

YOUR Deserts have wrought so strong a Perswasion in me to consent to the Favour which you request of me, that I send it you in this Letter; I shall not impose on you the silence which you ought to keep in this Matter, knowing that your Discretion hath prevented my Commands. It suffices me to put you in mind, that as these are no common Favours, they require Secresie from those that receive them. I suppose that you will not forget your self in this Particular, while you remember that I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant, *M. W.*

To his Mistress, an Acknowledgment for being belov'd by her.

SHall I pass over in silence, Fairest, so excessive a Happiness? or shall I publish it, to render it more great? I know my Silence will honour it most, but by making it known, I shall render it more glorious; for in telling it abroad, I shall eternize the Memory thereof. Therefore shall my mouth be always open in the extolling of your Favour, my Mind wholly taken up with Thoughts of you, and my Soul always admiring its most perfect Object, blessing the Day of my Birth, for being happy in yours. Your Death shall be my Tomb, desiring no other honour or glory while I live, but the Title of,

Madam, Your most faithful Servant, R. P.

A Lady

A Lady to her Servant, accusing him of Inconstancy.

SIR,

THey do always tax our Sex for being inconstant, but I must now apply that Fault to you, I say to you, whose Oaths did give so great a Testimony of your Fidelity, that I durst not doubt them for fear of injuring my self; though the Wind was always the Bearer of your Love, and not your Love, for that you never had; so that if I blame my self for having believ'd you, I shall praise my self hereafter for imitating you, though with some Trouble, that I was not your Example; for it was most reasonable, that I should have preceded you, as being your Mistress, though now

Your Servant, E. T.

To request a Favour from his Mistress.

Madam,

YOu bestow your Favours with so much Bounty, that tho' I am averse to beg them, yet the freeness of your Courtesie leaves me no other Shame, than that which proceeds from my Inability of returns. I do not use to value the Services which I perform to my Friends, but you are pleas'd to put such a rate upon them, that I have no other way left, but to vow thus with all respect, to solicite you as long as I live. Believe me, Madam, you have entertained my Service so nobly, that I stand in fear of a Propension to make Motions to you, and to remain still an Importunate Beggar, till I have tir'd you into a necessity of yielding to my Request. Though I confess, could I but gain the Advantage of being esteem'd, and beloved by you, it is the highest Flight that my Ambition covets.

To

To his long absented Mistress.

Madam,

I Cannot but deplore my Misfortune, that Camelion like, I live only on the *Idea*; all the support of my frail Life having been for this Twelve Months only from Imagination. I protest Lady, those Four Letters which I receiv'd quarter after quarter, have with much ado kept me alive; the last you directed to me, being so short, as if you had confin'd me to the Extremity of so thin a Diet, that your most despised Lovers might in my pitiful Picture, read to themselves Lectures of Consolation. Lady, I know at the best, that absent Persons cannot entertain themselves but by Letters, yet by as woful Experience I find, that there is but small Pleasure to hear thus so far off from one another, as we do. For my part, I cannot but complain, and I think I have more cause than any man living; you know the Reality of this my Expression: Believe me, you have expos'd me to such Extremities, that I am now resolv'd to approach you, and to write no more, but act what I have been accustom'd to protest, how perfectly I can be,

Madam, I am, C. B.

To his Mistress, upon the Death of her Brother.

LAdy, The continuance of your Melancholy having toucht me so far, as to make me partake of your Grief, wonder not if you receive these undeserved Lines from me, which I hope will wipe away your Tears, if you consider him that intreats you to be pitiful to himself; if not, to his Youth. Believe me, Dearest, my Sorrows

for

for your ſelf carry more reaſon with them, than yours for your deceaſed Brother, which can have no other pretence than cuſtom, and your good nature. Pardon me if I tell you freely, that if you do not decline your grief, I ſhall abate of the belief I had of your Spirit. I know well that the loſs of Friends muſt needs touch us, nor would I remove the ſenſe of Mourning, but the error; not the tribute of Tears, but the ſuperfluity of them. For though we muſt give ſomething to Nature, let us not take away all from Reaſon; neither doth Nature ſo much as Opinion prevail over in theſe extreams of Sorrow. Believe me, fair One, Sorrow hath plac'd you too near the Grave, that ſhould you look in your Glaſs, you would already conceive your ſelf there: For never did Tears deal more cruelly with any than your ſelf; ſeeing they have in mind at once two of the faireſt Things in the World, the clearneſs of your Diſpoſition and Beauty. Judge therefore, whether I have not as much cauſe to lament with you, as to write to you. At leaſt I hope you will of your ſubtle Thoughts, to conſider a little of him, who with Tears entreats you to conſider of your ſelf, as being,

Madam, Your tender Lover, W. T.

To her Servant, accepting his Service.

SIR,

SInce you can ſo well expreſs your Affection to one that needs it, I could not but let you underſtand how you have proſper'd; with Juſtice enough you name your ſelf a Friend, yet in my Opinion you might invent ſome more ſignificant Word, though it were to ſtile your ſelf a Lover; for

for you have already given me such real Testimonies of your Affection, that I dare entertain you in such a Quality. I only wait for a favourable Occasion, which may for my excuse, witness the dear and glorious Marks which you gave me of your Love and Account of me, and how much I am already,

Sir, &c.

The Answer.

LADY,

I AM no longer able to keep my Words from letting my Heart fall upon this Paper: Your Letter having won me to you in such a sort, that I have no power over my self but what you leave me; the Joy I have entertain'd from your Lines, having not yet restor'd me to my Reason; this may seem strange to you, but I assure you, I find no other Reason to be contented to live, but as you are still in the World; and I am therefore only bound to preserve my self, because you are unwilling to lose me. Your Lines sweetly invite me to give you a Visit. Fairest, if you will have me to endure your Presence, take some more Humane Form, and appear not in that fulness of Splendor, least I forget what you are, and never cease to do you continual Acts of Reverence; and when I should speak to you, should overflow with Prayers and Thanks; conceiving that I may have Fortune from others, but Glory from none but you. Let me intreat you therefore, when I approach your Favours, that you would give them out by Tale, and distribute them by Measure, that he may not be too far transported beyond himself, who is,

Lady, &c.

From

From a Lady, consenting to her Servant's Requests.

SIR,

I Must not wish you good without endeavouring to do it, as far as my weak Endeavours will permit me. I have so many Affections that I remain unmoveable, so that you may be assur'd, if you can love your self, that you need not to doubt of my Endearments to you. Sir, though I cannot be regular in observing Complements, I shall never be negligent in necessary Duties; and so often think of you, that you need not to solicit my Thoughts. True Friendship is always attended with remembrance, and they that can forget, were never truly in Love. When we fix upon a worthy Object, we should resemble the Covetous, who have no less care to conserve, than to heap up Treasure. All that for the present I shall request you is, that you would be more bold to employ me, and think if I want a Memory to accomplish your Desires, that I am then on my Death-bed. This is the Assurance you may expect from her, who is

Your kind Mistress, A. P.

To her Servant, resolving not to Marry.

SIR,

I AM not yet in the mind to change the Blessedness of my Liberty for the Purgatory of Marriage: You tell me a Wife is the Wealth of the Mind; you must except all, all Jealousies and Dislikes that may happen: Then that she is the Welfare of the Heart; 'tis so when her Youth with Beauty, her Wit with Vertue, have that happy Agreement between themselves, so as to command the Affections. But, Sir, you are not

to

to learn, they have left moſt of our Sex: It were a ſin to pry further into their Imperfections; the Terms you write on being ſo extreamly oppoſite. But if I am not deceived in my reading, the Learned expreſs, that they weaken the ſtrength, confound the Buſineſs of our life, empty the Purſe, with a Thouſand other odd Qualities, which when I meet you next, you ſhall be ſure to hear of. Till when, wiſhing you the Continuance of that quiet, wherein you boaſt your ſelf to live, I decline this Theme of your wiving Letter till our next Viſit. I bid you farewell, and reſt

Your, &c.

To his Miſtreſs, Sick.

Madam,

THough the moſt fair Envy your Beauties, and the moſt Perfect your Merits, yet are they ſilenced by your Charms; nay, Sickneſs it ſelf is render'd Captive by the Puiſſance of your Allurements; though if it wound you now, it is but with the Wounds that you have made; and doubtleſs it hath ſeized on you, hoping that by Poſſeſſion of your fair Body, it may both change its Name and Nature; ſo that it is pardonable, both for its Love, and for its Subtlety. Neither do I believe that it is you, but your rigour that it aims to deſtroy, be you leſs Cruel, and the Diſeaſe will aſſwage; otherwiſe you will be in danger of your Life. Though doubtleſs the Conſideration of deſtroying ſo many Marvels, will ſtop his Deſigns. Death oft-times make uſe of Love againſt us; ſo that he will have a care of your Life, as of his keeneſt Weapon wherewith he brings us Men under his Command, making us

us willing to yield to his Stroak, as the Refuge of that Misery into which your Cruelty oft-times throws us. This I know by Experience, as being your Slave.

To his Mistress, despairing of her Favour, though unjustly offended against her.

Madam,

WHat avails it you to make me feel your Thorns when I have gather'd your Flower. Why do you blame in Words, him whom you have honour'd in Effects, and blame him without cause, who cannot praise you but unjustly; moderate your Severity, seeing that it offends you more than it hurts me. I have protested a Thousand times that I never was faulty, as you thought me; though it was to no purpose, you believing otherwise. It suffices for my Satisfaction, that I know the Truth, and that I have essay'd all the Ways in the World to make you understand it, though in vain. Adieu, most fair, but yet too cruel, if you leave me triumphing over the most worthy Subject in the World, I leave you vanquish'd by a more faithful Lover.

A Letter of Consolation to a Mistress, upon the Death of her Servant.

Madam,

I Believe that if you have been the last who have understood the Death of your Servant, that you will be one of the first, and indeed the only Person, who will in your Soul celebrate the sad remembrance of him, a much longer time than any of his Friends: not that his Merit doth oblige you, for I well know that all Merit loses its Esteem in your Presence, being so perfect as you

you are; nor your Piety, though it be a thing natural to you with your other Vertues; but only his Love and Constancy, as being both equally incomparable. Neither do I believe, that either of these do oblige you at all, for though his Love were very great, that could not be otherwise, seeing you were his Object, no more than his Constancy whatever it were; so that to say the Truth, I know not what can urge you to bewail his Loss, unless it be the Goodness of your Inclinations, being as mild and sweet as you are Fair, and consequently full of Piety. I should weep my self, for having the least thought to condemn your Teats, yet give me leave to believe, that when you remember that the Fires proceeding from your Eyes did help to consume his Life, it would make them weep for Sorrow. Now what punishment will you impose upon your Beauty, if there be nothing in you that hath partaken of the Millions of pains which he hath endured for your sake: Certainly you ought to suffer Shipwrack in the Sea of your Tears, unless the God of Love have need of you for one of his Altars, since you are the only Idol, to whom all Mortals will present the Sacrifices of their Servitude. And as for my self, who have undertaken to succeed to the Merits and Constancy of your deceased Servant, I will not give Assurances in Words, for Deeds themselves shall always be my Sureties. Dry up your Tears, stop your Sighs. I summon you to this Duty, in the behalf of Reason it self, knowing that his Commands are to be obey'd. Madam, when I first put Pen to Paper, I had a Design to comfort you, but knowing the Greatness of your Resolution against all sorts of Accidents, I chang'd my Intention, to assure you of

of the Love and Servitude that I have vow'd to you, under the Title of,

Madam, Your moſt humble Servant, J. R.

A Letter.

SIR,

I Know 'tis to no purpoſe to diſpute of Civilities with you, who live in the Light of the World, and are ſo well ſtored with the beſt Words to expreſs them. I know too well that the Excellency that dwells in you, begets at the ſame time deſires to preſerve, as well as to acquire your favour. I have but one Grief, that I have not Soul enough to judge of thoſe Perfections that dwell in you, which though I can never attain rightly to conceive, yet I am confident, no Man can honour them more, ſo that ſhould you call me your Idolater, you could not ſtrain a word that could ſo rightly, as that, expreſs my Reſpects toward you. Sir, Complements are very rare with me, and therefore I requeſt you to believe me, when I ſay, that they muſt be very ſtrong Cords, and dangerous Commandments, that ſhall remove me from your Service; I know I can never deſerve ſuch violent Proofs of my Obedience: It ſhall ſuffice me that I doubt not of your Love, as being,

Sir, Your moſt devoted Servant, M. O.

To his Abſent Friend.

SIR,

IF I thought Fortune could be ſo much our Friend, I ſhould requeſt her to make us inſeparable, that I might be no more oblig'd thus to write; ſince the Entertainments that diſtant Friends do give and take by Letters, is but a Pi-

ſture

Picture of thoſe between Perſons preſents: For to ſay the Truth, a Letter is but a Copy of that which makes us more curious of the Original; a Glaſs that ſhadows to us ſtronger Deſires to enjoy the Perſon that is abſent. The very Lines I receive from you, carrying with them the Effects of Joy to hear from you, and of a Paſſion to be more near you, that I might not ſtill be forced to write that to you, which I would willingly proteſt; and find Occaſions more and more to teſtifie what I am, and ever ſhall be,

Sir, Your ever-loving Friend, E. C.

To his Friend, complaining of Neglect.

SIR,

THE Friendſhip which you have promiſed me, and the Service which you have proteſted to me, force me now to demand the Reaſon of your ſilence. I queſtion not but that you will want no excuſe to plead for your ſelf: But I entreat you to believe, that unleſs they be very lawful, I ſhall not ceaſe to complain of you. You do well to lay the Fault ſometimes upon your urgent Occaſions, ſometimes upon the Indiſpoſition of your Body: But all this is no Satisfaction to me. Confeſs but your Fault, crave Pardon, and you ſhall have it preſently granted. This is the way to preſerve eternally the Friendſhip of

Your moſt humble Servant, M. P.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

YOU do me ſo great a favour in complaining of me, that I am conſtrained to give you Thanks, inſtead of taking the leaſt offence at you. This is not becauſe I want excuſes to authorize my ſilence, but the intereſt

intereſt that you have in me, which makes me to condemn my ſelf, reſolving henceforward, that you ſhall rather complain of my Importunity than of my Sloathfulneſs. Which is the Proteſtation of

Sir, Your moſt humble Servant, *E. W.*

Return of Thanks.

SIR,

I Proteſt that you have obliged me with a Favour, and that ſo perfectly, that I muſt be your Debtor all the Days of my Life. I wiſh that an Opportunity would offer it ſelf for you, to employ me in your Service, that I might teſtifie to you, that ſince your Favours are ſo extreamly high, there is no Extremity which I would not undergo to requite them. This is no complemental Diſcourſe, my Heart dictates to my Pen all that which I write to you, aſſuring you once more, that I will long bear in vain the Title of

Your moſt humble Servant, S. P.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

I Muſt complain of the Exceſs of your Civilities and Courteſies, ſince our Intereſt conſiſts in a reciprocal Friendſhip. You thank me for Courteſies receiv'd from me, as if I were not oblig'd to do them, accuſtom not your ſelf to ſuch kind of Phraſe, and believe that the Language of Complements is unknown to Friends. I am in the number of them, and moreover,

Your moſt humble Servant, *K. A.*

To

To desire a Courtesie.

SIR,

THE Fame of your Generosity, hath given me the boldness to require a Favour from you, to disintangle me from a Business, the Success whereof depends much upon your Authority. 'Tis true, that I never had the Honour to be acquainted with you. But though this be my particular Unhappiness, I hope that you will not make any Excuse to refuse me the Courtesie which I desire from you, not doubting but that in some other Matter I may have the Honour to make my self known to you, rather by my Services than by my Name, since your descent obliges me to remain,

Sir, Your obliged Servant, T. T.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Have done all what you required of me, with a great deal of Satisfaction, and little Trouble. Prepare your self to impose Commands upon me, that you may not let the Passion which I have to serve you lie Idle, and you shall discern by my Obedience, that I take Delight in nothing more, than in making my self appear in all Places,

Sir, Your most real Servant, W. R.

On the same Subject.

SIR,

ALthough I am the most unprofitable of all your Friends, yet am I none of the least willing to serve you, and from thence I take the Liberty to desire you, to give me a Meeting. All that I can say for the first Acknowledgment of this

this Favour, is, That I ſhall eternally remember this Favour; and that if I cannot meet with any Opportunity to requite ſo great a Kindneſs, I ſhall bear my Sorrow for it to my Grave, together with the Title of,

Your moſt loyal Servant, N. S.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

WHEN you deſire any Service from me, I entreat you to conſider whether it be in my Power to perform it; that I may be more bold to encounter the Blame which my Unhappineſs obliges you to lay upon me. You ſhall command, when you pleaſe, other Proofs of my Willingneſs to ſerve you, deſiring nothing more than the Title of,

Sir, Your moſt humble Servant, *W. P.*

To congratulate the good Fortune of his Friend.

SIR,

IF you know how acceptable the News of your good Fortune is to me, you would not doubt, but that the Joy which Surprizes me for the ſame, is equal to yours. Truly I cannot add any thing to it, ſince it proceeds from the Friendſhip which I have vow'd to you, which is not common, ſince your Merit is the Object. I would tell you more, if the Exceſs of my Joy would give me liberty. It ſuffices me to aſſure you, that my content cannot equal the Paſſion which I have to ſerve you, as being,

Sir, Your moſt humble Servant, R. R.

The

The Answer.

SIR,

I *Did always believe that you were of so generous a Spirit, that you participate in my Concernments; but I perswade my self at the same Instant of Time, that you doubt not of my Willingness to serve you, that I may in some Measure Merit the Effects of your noble Disposition. This I am urg'd to, not being able further to requite the continual Proofs, which you give me of your good Will towards me. I entreat you to esteem this for an undeniable Truth, as being from my Heart and Soul,*

Sir, Your most faithful Servant, *P. P.*

To his Accomplish'd Friend.

SIR,

IF I have hope to be known to after Ages, it must be by the Honour of your Acquaintance; Your Reputation at this time, being so just and so general, that 'tis become a Verity wherein the Wise agree with the Vulgar. Pardon me, Sir, if I presume thus to prevent your Command, by this early showing you my ready Inclination to obey them: But I am content that you should give it what Name you please, provided you judge well of the Effects of my Duty, and do me the Honour to believe that I am,

Yours, &c.

To his Learned Friend.

SIR,

ALL the Riches both of Nature and Art dwell in you, and are of such force, that I acknowledge my Inclinations to serve you, carry with them immortal Reason; your Discourse being

being ſo grave and ſolid, that they cannot be ſufficiently liſten'd to, for the Edification of Men that have ſeen Four Ages. And for your Letters, in what Stile ſoever you write them, they are always pleaſing, if not, moſt admirably profitable; as it your Spirit had been employ'd from your Youth, in perſwading of Princes, or inſtructing of Ambaſſadors. When your Lines are ſerious, they ſtrain not; when familiar, they are without neglect: Like Beauties that appear in all Faſhions, yet allure, whether neatly dreſt, or careleſly plain Pardon me, Sir, if I lay open my naked Soul before you in this Simplicity of my Acknowledgments, you having ſo abſolutely purchaſt both my Thoughts and Affections, that I muſt need ingenuouſly confeſs, that I have nothing left, but to aſſure you, Sir, how much I am,

Your, &c.

To his Friend at Court.

SIR,

YOU ſeem to have ſo perfum'd your ſelf with the ſweetneſs of the Court, that you cannot admit of the Prophaneneſs of a Village. Such a rudeneſs is the Errand this Letter carries with it; but be pleas'd to accept of it, as you know the height of my Ambition is bounded in ſuch rural Preſents; neither ſhould I dare to preſume thus, were I not perſwaded that you allow me this Liberty, which otherwiſe I ſhould never take. But I am confident you delight to gratifie me, and to do me the ſame Good that I wiſh to you. If you deſire to know the cauſe of ſuch extraordinary Boldneſs in me, I beſeech you to believe there is no other, than the great Affection I have to ſerve you, and to be,

Sir, &c.

To his Friend, upon the renewing of their Correſpondence.

SIR,

TO be ſeparated from a Man ſo dear to me as your ſelf, I do believe I could not live in the fortunate Iſlands, and having till I embrace you no other way of Traffick but by Letters, I am extreamly angry with my ſelf, that you have prevented me in returning our old Correſpondence. Though I muſt acknowledge there is ſome juſtice in it, for ſince you were the firſt that broke it, 'twas fit you ſhould be the firſt to reeſtabliſh it: I write thus of the Honour of your Favour; aſſuring you notwithſtanding, that I could no way deſerve it. Therefore, Sir, give me leave to beg your Pardon for my neglect, if I were guilty, which I ſhall never be in any Thing that concerns you: and to make it more clear to you, I never ceas'd to honour you; but only not to expreſs it, was like a ſecret Fire not quench'd but cover'd, which became the more violent when it had leſs liberty to appear; wherefo e, Sir, be confident, that I ſhall make you ſee upon all Occaſions, for what is juſt that I will never be leſs than I am,

Yours, &c.

A Familiar Return of Thanks.

SIR,

THIS negligence of my Stile be pleas'd to eſteem one of the Marks of Friendſhip between us. Gratitude is one of a poor Man's Vertues. This is the beſt Rhetorick you could expect in ſo few Lines; and ſo I would renounce the World and all its Promiſes, if a Mortal could do

do ſo, to expreſs my ſelf but truly thankful to you for your exquiſite Favours. The Expedition of this Meſſenger would permit me no further at this time, but only to ſet my Hand to this Proteſtation, that I love you exceedingly, that I honour you, and am as much as any Man can be in the World,

Yours, &c.

To his Friend, inviting him into the Country.

SIR,

I Will not ſend you ſtudied Complements, I know you are born in a Country of good Words; I am here among Thorns and Thiſtles, among People that are naturally affected with Dulneſs, and dream in the beſt Company, ſuch as can give no other Reaſon for their Silence, but that they are entreated not to ſpeak; inſomuch, that you may walk our Village, and hear nothing but whiſtling; and which is a Miracle, our *Codians* are here arriv'd to ſuch a height of wilful Ignorance, as if they held their Lands by no other Tenure, but that of never ſpeaking to the purpoſe. I ſhould be quite out of Heart, if I had not your Promiſe to relie on, that you will ſuddenly give me a Viſit, to witneſs what I am like to ſuffer this long Vacation, except I enjoy your Company; I wait for you as for a Bleſſing, and if you come not hither next Week, I proclaim to you, that I am no longer,

Yours to Command, R. S.

To his Sick Friend.

SIR, The News of your Sickneſs hath ſo much alter'd my Health, that I may count my ſelf a Sharer in your Misfortunes. Really it hath ſo

much griev'd me, that the Sorrow which I ſuſtain, is more than the Fever which you endure. Do you therefore take Courage, if you will that I ſhould be in good Health. You know how much I am intereſted in your Concernments. In a word, I aſſure you, that if you do not quit your Bed, I ſhall be forc'd to betake my ſelf to mine. Theſe are the abſolute Proteſts of,

Sir, *Yours, &c.*

A Soldier to his Miſtreſs.

Madam,

I Have now left the bloody Banners of *Mars* to follow *Cupid*'s Enſigns; though I muſt now confeſs, the latter to be the ſeverer Service: For under the one we only get broken Pates, under the other wounded Hearts. There we have Pay and Plunder, here we have neither. But from whence ariſes all my Trouble? 'Tis from you, Madam, who like *Joan* of *Arquez* are riſen up to terrifie me in the midſt of all my Conqueſts. For alas! the Aſſaults of your Eyes have ſo alarum'd my Breaſt, that it is in vain for me to think of repoſing by Day, or ſleeping by Night: Oh! that you would make an end of the War, and come and take me in my own Quarters; otherwiſe I muſt be compell'd to bring my ſcaling Ladders to force that Lathem-Houſe of Beauty, which is your fair Body, to free my ſelf from the hourly Incurſions, that your Perfections make upon my Soul. But why do I rage? Deliver it by fair means. By the Nails of *Jupiter*, if you will not delay to do it, I ſwear there is no Man ſhall venture his Life further to defend you from the Batteries of lying Fame or injurious Slander. And more than that, you ſhall find me the moſt faith-

faithful Knight that ever ſmote terrible Giant for fair Ladies ſake, who am,

Madam, Your valiant Lover, W. P.

A Pedagogue to his Miſtreſs.

Moſt dear Star,

KNow you not that you are already mounted above the Horizon of Accompliſh'd *Nihil verius eſt*. There is nothing more true. And being thus the Miracle of your Perfections, and the Perfection of your Miracles, with a ſoft Violence ye have wounded my bleeding Soul. *Fœmineo Generi tribuuntur*. The Feminine Gender is very troubleſome; But O Damſel! as fair as you are cruel, and as cruel as you are fair, do not reſemble that treacherous Emperor *Nero*, who took pleaſure to ſee the City of *Rome* on fire. O! do not from the Turret of your Merits, with delight, behold not only the Suburbs, but even the City of my Heart to burn, with all the Churches in it, that I have dedicated to your honour. For I can aſſure you more fair than *Venus*, than *Venus* of *Cyprus*, as the Grammar hath it, *Creta Brittannia, Cyprus, Great Britain* and *Cyprus*; that whatever Oration or *Syllogiſm*, poor, miſerable and paſſive I can make by way of ſpecial Demonſtration, is only to ſhew and acknowledge how much I am your *ſuperlative* Servant, *per omnes caſus*, in all caſes.

B. R.

A Cockney to his Miſtreſs.

My dear Peggy,

I Have here ſent thee theſe Lines writ with my Tears, and a little Blacking that our Maid rubs my Father's Shoos with, that I may unload a whole Cart-load of Grief into the Warehouſe of thy Boſom. Truly *Peggy*, I think I ſhall die,

for I can neither eat, nor drink, nor ſleep, nor wake. Nothing that my Mother can buy, either in *Cheapſide* or *Newgate*-Market will go down with me; yet, you know my Mother's as pretty a Houſewife as any in the Town. She ſeeing me look as pale as the Linen in *Moor-fields*, and moping in the Chimney-Corner, bid the Maid fetch me a Cap, and ask'd me if I would have any Sugar ſops. But I cry'd no, I'd have *Peggy*: with that ſhe jeer'd me, ſaying, What are you Love-ſick *Tom*? And then I cry'd, and made a Noiſe like a Cat upon the Tiles. But let all the World ſay what they will, I will pout and be ſick, and my Father and Mother ſhall loſe their eldeſt Son, but I'll have *Peggy*, that I will. I beſeech thee not to omit any occaſion of writing to me, that ſince I cannot kiſs thy Hand, I may kiſs the Letters that thy Hand did write. The Bearer hereof is our Cook-maid, one that pities my Condition, and is very truſty: I have therefore engag'd her to call and ſee thee every time ſhe goes to Market. My Mother's Rings are all cloſe lock'd up, elſe I would ſteal one to ſend it thee: However, I intreat thee to accept of the good Will for the Deed, and to take in good part the Endeavours of thy moſt faithful Servant,

R. R.

POSTSCRIPT.

As I was going to ſeal, my Father came in, taken ſuddenly and deſperately ill. The Phyſicians were ſent for, and by their whiſpering, aſſure me that he cannot live; as ſoon as he is dead I ſhall not fail to viſit thee, and make ſure work between us.

A Seaman

A Seaman to his Delight in Wapping.

Kind, if not unkind Suſan,

HAving read in a Ballad, how that a Woman is compared to a Ship, it made me to conceive no ſmall Reaſon, for a Sea-mutual Love between us. Since it is moſt certain that a Seaman cannot be without a Ship, nor a Ship without a Seaman, do not therefore ſhipwrack my good Intentions in their Firſt Voyage to thee. Alas! for thou haſt no reaſon to deſpiſe me, becauſe my Cloaths are beſmear'd with Pitch and Tar, knowing that I ſhall ſtick the faſter to thee. I muſt confeſs I have caſt Anchor in the Harbour of thy Love, do not cut the Cable of my Affections, leſt I am adrift into a Sea of Miſery; and where the Waves of Deſpair encreas'd by the North Wind of thy Diſdain, ſhall daſh out my Brains againſt the Rocks of Misfortune. Flowncе, I am in already, neither is it in my Power to help my ſelf. O *Suſan, Suſan, Suſan*! receive my floating Soul into the Cock-Boat of thy Heart, that thy poor *Richard* may not die, but live to recompence thee the Preſerver of his Life.

A Hector to his Miſtreſs.

Moſt Illuſtrious Queen of Beauty!

BY the Beard of *Achilles* my Affections groan for you; your Perfections have trapan'd me: For when I had the Honour to ſmell your odoriferous Breath, methought it pleas'd me better than the Scent of the beſt Spaniſh Tobacco. And when I kiſs'd your Vermillion Lips, I ſuck'd Canary from them. Now, Lady, your Sack and

Tobacco are the Two Strings to the Bow of a Man's Life; Oh, thou that art the Third String to the Bow of my Life! bind thy ſelf about my Waſte, that I may be thy Oak, and thou my Ivy: or elſe that I may bear thee up and down the Town like the Fellow that carries his Brother in his Belly. Deſtroy not him that both can and will deſtroy Millions for thy ſake. But be my *Aqua Cœleſtis*, my Caſtle of ſtrong Water, to defend from the Batteries of Misfortune, the drooping Spirits of thy dejected Slave.

A Lawyer to his Young Miſtreſs.

Madam,

THIS Indenture made the Thirteenth Day of *April*, in the Year, One thouſand ſeven hundred and five, Witneſſeth, That I *John a Stiles* of *Long Acre*, in the County of *Bedford*, Gent am a Perſon of Credit and Reputation. Hoping therefore that you are in good Health, as I am at the writing hereof. Theſe are to certifie you that I am ſick at the very Heart for Love of you. The Judge thinks me mad, for when I ſhould plead, I fall a courting of him, telling him he is the Star of my Affections, and that unleſs he will marry me, I ſhall be undone. My Clients alſo leave me, for while I peruſe their Papers, they hearing me ſigh ſo cruelly, begin to deſpair of their Cauſe, and go away in Diſcontent, without giving their Fees. But all this, my pretty Darling, may be help'd by thee. Daign therefore to bargain, ſell, and to farm let, that fair Tenement of Beauty, which is thy ſelf, unto him, that cares not what he gives for the Purchaſe; together with the Hands, Legs, Arms, Fingers, Toes, Hair, Eyes, Head, Thighs, Belly, Water Courſes,

Courſes, Eaſements, Commodities, and Appurtenances whatſoever, to the foreſaid Tenement belonging. That I may have, hold, occupy, and enjoy them for the Term of Years wherein thou ſhalt *live*; at the expiring thereof fully to be compleat and ended. And I on the other part do promiſe and grant, to, and with thee my foreſaid pretty Darling, to be thy old Fool, thy doating Fool, and to give thee all that I have for a Jointure And further, that thou ſhalt live in the Country, and cuckold me all the Term-time, and come up every Year after *Eaſter* to buy thee Pins, Gloves, and Ribbands, and a new Gown. In witneſs whereof, I have hereunto ſet my Hand and Seal the Day and Year firſt above-written.

A Paſſionate Love-Letter.

Dear Angel,

LOve having taken your Beauties for Arms, had long ſince laid ſiege to my Liberty, which was retreated within the Fort of my Reaſon, when without putting himſelf to the Trouble of a Scalado, he is fled into my Eyes, and is by that way entered into my Heart, as a Robber breaks into a Houſe through the Windows. The Sufferings I am in through his Means are very violent, but being at length appeaſed, he hath ſworn to me that the Remedy lay in your Power; and that all I had to do, was to write to you of it: But ſeeing me a Secretary very ill furniſh'd with the Neceſſaries of my Profeſſion, he took a Quill out of his own Wing, and made me a Pen with the Point of his Dart; he hath given me Paper made of his old Headbands by a Celeſtial Paper-maker; he took the Coals of my Heart which was half burnt, and having beaten them to Powder

he mingled them with my Tears, and thereof hath furniſhed me with Ink, with which I have written to you; and for to dry the Writing, he caſt the Aſhes of thoſe Coals upon it. He gave me Wax out of his Torch to ſeal it, and cut off a little piece of the String of his Bow for me to bind withal. And now fair Lady conſider, if having aſſiſted me thus far ſo favourably, he may not with as little Difficulty, furniſh me with all his Arrows for to wound you, and make you ſick of the ſame Diſeaſe, as he is, who terms himſelf,

Your Slave, R. K.

The Mountebank's Letter to the Chyrurgeons.

Gentlemen,

HAving had continual and daily Experience in ſeveral Parts for many Years together, in the Cure of the French Diſeaſe, with as good Succeſs as mine own Heart could Wiſh; and now at length deſiring to ſhew my ſelf a profitable Member of this Commonwealth and City wherein I abide, I could not chuſe but write to you, by way of Advice, ſeeing ſo many Errors among you, tending all to the Deſtruction of the Patient. In the firſt place, I counſel thee O Man or Woman, who e'er thou art, that doſt profeſs the Cure of Venereal Diſtempers, to avoid that common Fault among all the Profeſſors thereof, which is Covetouſneſs. For if a young Man or a young Woman hath by chance got a Clap, and is willing to give all he hath, rather than to endure the Diſeaſe long, wilt thou be ſo baſe and ſordid, to make his or her earneſt Deſire to be the cauſe of thy Exaction. Aſſure thy ſelf that Money got by ſuch Exaction, will be a Worm to conſume that part of thy Eſtate which thou haſt honeſtly

honeſtly got. In the next Place, be not too inquiſitive of any Patient who he is, and where he dwells; for if he have not a mind to tell thee, what haſt thou to do to enquire any thing concerning him? Thirdly, judge not raſhly of him, as who ſhall ſay, you have been lying with a Wench; for you cannot but know that there are many Ways of getting Claps beſide that one; as by drinking with the Party, lying in a hot Bed with him, ſitting upon a Cloſe-ſtool after him; as alſo by lifting, riding, or any other manner of ſtraining. Then let every Patient receive his Cure with all Privacy. And laſtly, do not flatter me daily with any Patient whatſoever. This is the Part which ye have to act upon the Theatre of this World, which, if thou doſt not juſtly perform, conſider, I ſay, conſider, that you muſt make your Exits into Stoves and Sweating-Tubs, much hotter than thoſe with which you ever afflicted your Patients withal, being on Earth. Heaven direct your Courſe, that you may be neither Cheaters, Impoſtors, nor Cozeners, as moſt are who profeſs the Cure of Venereal Diſtempers; but that ye may be in this, as well as in all your other Actions, faithful and honeſt, which is the daily Wiſh of

Your Friend and Servant, P.S.

A Groom-man in Kent-ſtreet, *to a young Lady of Quality, whom he fell in Love withal, beholding her in a Balcony.*

Madam,

AND by that Word you may know I am no ſuch Clown as you may take me for, in good ſooth law now, your fair Face hath wounded me

me to the very Heart, ſo that I would give all the old Shooes in my Sack to enjoy the Happineſs of your ſweet Company. I know that Ladies love Variety, ſo that I am bold to think it would be no ſmall Recreation to you, when you have been glutted with the Company of your Silk and Satten Gallants, to converſe Two or Three Hours with a tatter'd Broom-man. I have heard in ſome Ballads, how the Gods did condeſcend to come upon the Earth, and dine with poor People; much leſs therefore ſhould you being but a mortal Lady, diſdain to eat a piece of Bread and Cheeſe, now and then, with a ſorry Broom-man. There is a Proverb that tells the Gentlemen, *That* Joan *is as good as my Lady in the dark*: And why ſhould there not be another Proverb to tell the Gentlewomen, *That* Tom *is as good as my Lord in the dark*. I do not want Examples to tell you, how that the Queen of Fairies married a Tinker, and of ſeveral Ladies that have married their Gentlemen-Uſhers, others their Father's Grooms, and others their Butlers. Now I believe my ſelf not inferiour to any of thoſe. As for what you, as a Woman, can expect from a Man, I know my ſelf ſufficiently able, of which I have ſent you a Certificate, ſign'd with the Marks of moſt of the pretty Laſſes in this Street; neither do I doubt of the Continuance thereof, unleſs your hard Heart do conſume my Marrow with Grief and Anguiſh of Mind; do not therefore kill me, who though I am but a Broom-man, dare ſwear my ſelf as faithful a Servant to you, as any Man in *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, or *Ireland*. Pray ſend me word by this Bearer, for I ſtay within in great Perplexity, and cannot ſtir abroad with my Ware till I hear your Anſwer.

The

The Lady's Answer.

Gentle *Broom-man*,

I *Understand the great Affection which thou hast signified to me in thy Letter. For which I give thee ten Millions of Thanks. Truly thy eloquent Expressions, and pat Examples have begot so great an Affection toward thee, that the Smoak of all the Shooes thou hast in thy Ware-house, were they on fire, is not able to smother the Flames which thou hast kindled in my Heart. I shall not come to thee in my Coach, lest it should draw out all the Wenches in the Street to stare upon our private Affections. But if thou wilt make haste home from crying thy Ware about the Streets, I shall not fail to meet thee at the* Wool-sack *in* Kent-street, *by Six a Clock to Morrow Night, where I doubt not but that I shall be able to give thee sufficient Testimonies of my Humility, and affable Nature. In the mean time, I have sent thee a Flanders-lace Band, and a Diamond Ring, to wear for my sake. Wash thy Feet, and put some sweet Powder in thy Hair, and be confident in so doing, thou wilt render thy self most acceptable to thy*

Endeared Friend and Servant, *M K.*

A Country Parson to a rich Farmer's Daughter in the same Village.

Kind Mistress Dorothy,

THE Parson of this Parish doth send thee Greeting in these Lines. For verily last *Sunday* as I was preaching, thou didst dart from thy Eyes, the Love of thy aimable Features into my Breast. So that even as a Woman with Child longeth for the corner of an Apple-tart, or a piece of raw Mutton, so do I thirst after thee; and even as a Virgin that eateth Chalk, and drinketh Vinegar, looks pale, and loseth her Stomach,

so

me to the very Heart, ſo that I would give all the old Shooes in my Sack to enjoy the Happineſs of your ſweet Company. I know that Ladies love Variety, ſo that I am bold to think it would be no ſmall Recreation to you, when you have been glutted with the Company of your Silk and Satten Gallants, to converſe Two or Three Hours with a tatter'd Broom-man. I have heard in ſome Ballads, how the Gods did condeſcend to come upon the Earth, and dine with poor People; much leſs therefore ſhould you being but a mortal Lady, diſdain to eat a piece of Bread and Cheeſe, now and then, with a ſorry Broom-man. There is a Proverb that tells the Gentlemen, *That* Joan *is as good as my Lady in the dark*: And why ſhould there not be another Proverb to tell the Gentlewomen, *That* Tom *is as good as my Lord in the dark*. I do not want Examples to tell you, how that the Queen of Fairies married a Tinker, and of ſeveral Ladies that have married their Gentlemen-Uſhers, others their Father's Grooms, and others their Butlers. Now I believe my ſelf not inferiour to any of thoſe. As for what you, as a Woman, can expect from a Man, I know my ſelf ſufficiently able, of which I have ſent you a Certificate, ſign'd with the Marks of moſt of the pretty Laſſes in this Street; neither do I doubt of the Continuance thereof, unleſs your hard Heart do conſume my Marrow with Grief and Anguiſh of Mind; do not therefore kill me, who though I am but a Broom-man, dare ſwear my ſelf as faithful a Servant to you, as any Man in *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, or *Ireland*. Pray ſend me word by this Bearer, for I ſtay within in great Perplexity, and cannot ſtir abroad with my Ware till I hear your Anſwer.

The

The Lady's Anſwer.

Gentle *Broom-man*,

I Underſtand the great Affection which thou haſt ſignified to me in thy Letter. For which I give thee ten Millions of Thanks. Truly thy eloquent Expreſſions, and pat Examples have begot ſo great an Affection toward thee, that the Smoak of all the Shooes thou haſt in thy Ware-houſe, were they on fire, is not able to ſmother the Flames which thou haſt kindled in my Heart. I ſhall not come to thee in my Coach, leſt it ſhould draw out all the Wenches in the Street to ſtare upon our private Affections. But if thou wilt make haſte home from crying thy Ware about the Streets, I ſhall not fail to meet thee at the Wool-ſack *in* Kent-ſtreet, *by Six a Clock to Morrow Night, where I doubt not but that I ſhall be able to give thee ſufficient Teſtimonies of my Humility, and affable Nature. In the mean time, I have ſent thee a Flanders-lace Band, and a Diamond Ring, to wear for my ſake. Waſh thy Feet, and put ſome ſweet Powder in thy Hair, and be confident in ſo doing, thou wilt render thy ſelf moſt acceptable to thy*

Endeared Friend and Servant, *M K.*

A Country Parſon to a rich Farmer's Daughter in the ſame Village.

Kind Miſtreſs Dorothy,

THE Parſon of this Pariſh doth ſend thee Greeting in theſe Lines. For verily laſt *Sunday* as I was preaching, thou didſt dart from thy Eyes, the Love of thy aimable Features into my Breaſt. So that even as a Woman with Child longeth for the corner of an Apple-tart, or a piece of raw Mutton, ſo do I thirſt after thee; and even as a Virgin that eateth Chalk, and drinketh Vinegar, looks pale, and loſeth her Stomach, ſo

ſo do I look pale with languiſhing for thee, and my Belly is ſhrunk up for want of Food; for I have not eaten above half a Surloin of Beef, forty Tythe Eggs, thirty black Puddings, and five great brown Apple-Pies, ſince *Sunday* laſt, that your Father took me home to Dinner, which is now almoſt a Week. I ſhall put it to thy Choice, whether thou wilt be courted in publick or in private; for I have made five delicate Sermons upon the moſt amorous Place in all the *Canticles*, wherewithal to allure thee into my Embraces. If thou doſt conſent, then will I go to thy Mother, and as the Child deſireth the Maid to ſpread him ſome Bread and Butter for his Afternoons Luncheon, ſo will I deſire her to give thee unto me that I may ſpread my ſelf upon thee. If ſhe replieth, Yea, Then will I ſpeak to her in the words of S. *Bernard*, ſaying, *I thank you heartily good Mother.* But if ſhe ſay unto me, Nay, then as Saint *Cyprian* hath it very well: *I ſhall be ready to hang my ſelf.* Be thou therefore my Preſerver, and my Interceſſour, that neither thou mayeſt want a Husband, nor the Pariſh a Miniſter, nor thy Mother a Man to devour her Bag-puddings.

A Letter of Smiles from a young conceited Scrivener to his beloved Miſtreſs, Miſtreſs D. C. *Spinſter.*

Madam,

I No ſooner ſaw you, but the Tinder of my Affection began to take fire. For your Beauty was to me like the Herb *Larix*, cool in the Water, but hot in my Stomach. So that as *Pharaoh* did long to know his Dream, ſo did I long to know what would become of me, as to your good liking of me. Be not therefore a Beauty without

without Compaſſion, which is like a Mandrake-Apple, comely in ſhew, but poiſonous in taſte. But woe is me, for I find that my Words have wrought no more Impreſſion on your Heart than an Arrow on a Rock of Adamant. So that I may ſay of you, that as in the greeneſt Graſs is the greateſt Serpent, in the cleareſt Water the ugliſt Toad; ſo is your fair Body lin'd with a cruel Soul. Alas! you have no mercy on my Captivity, ſo that I am like the Spaniel that gnaws his Chain, but ſooner ſpoils his Teeth than procures Liberty. But as a Bladder is to a learning Swimmer, ſo is Hope to me; which makes me apt to believe, that as there is no Iron but will be ſoftned with the Fire, ſo there is no Heart how hard ſo ever, that will not be ſoft by continual Prayers. I confeſs my Expreſſion is but like a Picture drawn with a coal, wanting theſe lively Colours, which a more skilful Pen might give it. However, conſider, that the Sun diſdains not to ſhine upon the ſmalleſt Worm. Reconcile your ſelf to the humbleſt of your Vaſſals, and do not through your Marble-hearted-cruelty utterly overwhelm him with Sence-diſtracting Grief, like a Current that breaks the Dams, and with a vigorous impetuouſneſs drowns the Fields.

A Country Bumpkin to his Miſtreſs.

Sweet honey Joan,

I Have here ſent thee a Thing, ſuch a one as the Gentlefolks call a Love-Letter: 'twas indited by my ſelf after I had drank two or three draughts of Ale, but 'twas writ in a Roman joining-Hand by the School-maſter and Clerk of our Pariſh, to whom I gave Six Pence for his Pains. Truly

Joan,

Joan, my Parents never brought me up to ſpeak finely as my Landlord's Son doth, but this I can ſay in downright Terms, I love thee. Marry *Joan*, many time and oft have I fetcht home thy Cows, when no body knew who did it. Marry *Joan*, thou know'ſt I always plaid of thy ſide at Stool-Ball, and when thou didſt win the Garland in the *Whitſon*-Holidays, marry *Joan*, I was ſure to be drunk that Night for Joy. Marry *Joan*, cry I ſtill, but when wilt thou marry, *Joan*? I know thou doſt love *Will.* the Taylor, who, 'tis true, is a very nimble Man, and foots it moſt fetuouſly; but I can tell thee *Joan*, I think I ſhall be a better Man than he ſhortly, for I am learning of a Fidler to play o'th' Kit; ſo that if thou wilt not yield the ſooner, I will raviſh thee e'er long with my Muſick. 'Tis true, I never yet gave thee a Token, but I have here ſent thee a piece of Silver Ribband; I bought it in the Exchange, where all the Folks houted at me, but thought I, hout and be hang'd and you will, for I will buy a Knot for my Love. I aſſure thee *Joan*, 'twill make a better ſhew than a gilt Bay-Leaf, and for this Year be the fineſt Sight in all our Church. But what wilt thou give me for this *Joan*? Alas! I ask nothing but thy ſelf; come *Joan* thou ſhalt give me thy ſelf, come prethee *Joan* give me thy ſelf. What a happy Day would that be, that to ſee us with our beſt Cloathes on at Church, and the Parſon ſaying; *I* Tom, *take thee* Joan, and by the Maſs I would take thee, and hug thee, and lug thee too, and hey then away to the Alehouſe, and hey for the Muſitioners, and the Canaries, and the Sillabubs, and the Shoulder a Mutton and Gravey, *With a hey down derry and a diddle diddle dee.* Thus having no more to ſay, I reſt in Aſſurance of thy good Will, thine, *honeſtly, truly, and blewly*, R. P.

A Letter to a Friend to borrow Money.

SIR,

IF borrowing of Money be not a breach of Friendſhip, let me intreat your Patience to open your Purſe, I am loath to be too troubleſome in making many Words, where ſuch affable Gentleneſs outpaſſeth all Merit; a preſent Occaſion puts me to the Adventure of your Kindneſs, the Matter is not much; yet it will at this time pleaſure me, as much as ſo much may do; the Summ Five Pounds, the Time Three Months, my Credit the Aſſurance, and hearty Thanks the Intereſt; thus, without troubling the Scrivener, I hope my Letter will be of ſufficient Power to prevail with your Love, entreating your preſent Anſwer; in the Affection of an honeſt Heart I commit you to the Almighty.

Yours, or not his own, W. W.

His Anſwer.

SIR,

IF your Friendſhip were a Follower of Fortune, Love would have but a little Life in this World; the Contents of your Letter hath put me to a ſtrict Account of my Eſtate, how I may help you and not hurt my ſelf; I could make many Excuſes, but that they taſte of ſmall Comfort, and therefore knowing Time to be precious, and to avoid Delays, let this ſuffice, your Requeſt is granted, and the Money I have ſent you, and not doubting your Credit, will take your Word for a Bond, and for the Uſe, (without abuſe) I wiſh but Requital upon the like Occaſion. Sir I am ſo glad that in this, or any Thing in my Power, I may make Proof of my Love: I reſt in the ſame.

Yours, or not mine own R P.

A Love-Letter to a worthy Gentlewoman.

Fair Miſtreſs,

IF I had no Eyes, I ſhould not like you, and if not Wit, I ſhould not love you; for the brightneſs of your Beauty is for no blind Sight to gaze upon, nor the worthineſs of your Vertue, for no weak Brains to beat upon; if you ſay I flatter you, look into your ſelf, and do me no wrong; and if I do you right, chide not Affection for a Diſcovery, where Truth is honourable; pardon my Preſumption if it exceed your Pleaſure, and commend his Service, who will make an Honour of your Favours; ſo entreating your Patience for Anſwer to my poor Letter, until I hear from you; and always I reſt,

Your devoted, to be commanded, W. P.

A Love-Letter to a Lady.

Madam,

SUch, and ſo extream, are the Paſſions of Love, that the more they are quenched by Diſdain, greater Flames are encreaſed by Deſire, and the more they galled with Hate are, the more they gape after Love; like to the Stone Tapazon which being once kindled, burneth moſt vehemently in the Water: So I having my Heart ſcorched with the Beams of your Beauty, and my Mind flamed with your ſingular Vertue, neither can any bitter Look abate my Love, nor extream Diſcourteſie diminiſh my Affection; I am not he that will leave the Roſe becauſe it hath pricked my Finger, or refuſe the Gold in the Fire becauſe it burnt my Hand, for the Mind of a faithful Lover is neither to be daunted with Deſpite, nor affrighted with Danger: I reſt,

Your moſt faithful Lover, J. T.

Her Anſwer.

SIR,

IF your Wit go with your Eyes, your Brains may be on the outſide of your Head, and then if you deceive your ſelf I hope you will not blame me: Colours are but Shadows, and may be full of Illuſions, and the Worthineſs of Vertue may be a reach above the World's Reaſon, yet the Diſcovery of Affection may be more in Words than in Matter, eſpecially where Diſcretion ſounds the depth of Deſert, though the Honour of Truth be worth regard, where there is no Fault, there needs no Pardon, and therefore without Trouble of Patience, finding no Cauſe of Diſpleaſure, I thus conclude, Love hath a Privilege to be at the Command of Kindneſs, in which I reſt to wiſh you much Happineſs.

Your true Lover, M. P.

A Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman, whom ſhe called her Servant, for the preferring of a Gentlewoman unto her.

SErvant, I have often ſpoken unto you for that you muſt needs do me: I am going to the Court, and ſhall have great uſe of a Gentlewoman to attend me I know you have many Kinſmen and Acquaintance amongſt whom you may find one to fit me, I will take her at your Hand, and regard her for your ſake; and if her Deſerts anſwers my Deſires, ſhe ſhall loſe no Love in my Favour; and therefore leaving this truſty Charge to the Care of your diſcreet Kindneſs, as you will expect a greater Courteſie at my Hands, I reſt,

Your loving Miſtreſs, A. P.

His

His Anſwer.

Good Madam,

YOU *ſpoke unto me to help you to a Gentlewoman, which with my Letter I have here ſent you a Woman, and genteel, who, I hope, will not be altogether unworthy of your Entertainment: For her Perſon, ſhe is not deformed, nor her Face of the worſt Feature; ſhe is neither blear-eyed, nor tongue-tyed: And for her Qualities, I hope ſhe can do more than make courteſie and bluſh; her Parentage is not base, nor her Breeding idle, and for her Diſpoſition, I hope will be nothing diſpleaſing: To praiſe her in any Perfection I dare not, but in all, will leave her to the trial of your Patience. So wiſhing my dutiful Service in this, or what elſe may lie in my Power, ſo fortunate as to deſerve your Favour, and this Gentlewoman ſo gracious as to gain the continuance of your good Opinion, in Prayer for your Health and Hearts moſt wiſhed Happineſs, I take my leave at this Time, but reſt all Times,*

Your Ladyſhips moſt humble Servant, *T. T.*

A Letter of Love to an honourable Lady.

Honourable Madam,

IF Love were not above Reaſon, it would not be ſo high in regard, who dwelling only in the Spirits of the beſt Underſtanding, feeds the Heart only with the Fruits of an infallible Reſolution: What it is in its own Nature, hath been diverſly deſcribed, but I think, never known, but unto them that inwardly know it, ſome hold it a Riddle that none can interpret but he that made it: But if it be as I have read of it, *A Child, and Beauty begot it*; I hope Nature will be her ſelf, and not unkind to her own Breed, how to prove

Truth,

Truth, the Honour in your Eyes, that have wrought my Heart to your Service, ſhall make known to your Favour in the Happineſs of your Employment. So craving Pardon for my Preſumption, in my devoted Duty, to the Honour of your Command, I humbly take my leave,

Your Ladyſhip's, in all humbleneſs, &c.

Her Anſwer.

Worthy Knight,

IF Love be above Reaſon, it muſt be either divine or deviliſh, and ſo regarded accordingly: What it is, I think it is beſt known by the Effects of it; howſoever idle Brains have beaten about the Deſcription of it: Riddles are but Jeſts of Wit, and Miracles are ceaſed from being ſeen in our Age. But if it be a Child, tho' of a ſtrange Parentage, ſurely Nature will not ſuffer the Mother to be cruel to her own Breed; but if it fall out to be an ungracious Father, what then will be thought of the Children? Yet, leſt in miſconſtruing a Conceit, I may miſtake a Content, ſince in the ſecret of Nature may be a Senſe of ſtrange underſtanding, I will ſuſpend my Judgment, till I have made Proof of my Opinion: When Eyes and Hearts meet together in Diſcourſe, I hope the Buſineſs will be ſoon ended that is referred to indifferent Judgments. So till Occaſion be offered of the Performance of Employments, hoping that Vertue and Honour will ſoon agree upon ſure Grounds; till I ſee you, I reſt,

Your loving Friend, *&c.*

A Letter of a Patient to his Phyſician.

MAſter *Doctor*, your Patient commends him to your Patience, to bear a little kind chiding for your too long Abſence, my Diſeaſe hold,

holds his own, and my Pain nothing diminiſhed, and if you come not the ſooner, your Phyſick will be paſt working, for my Stomach is weak, and my Heart groweth faint, and yet I feed, tho' my Digeſtion be not the beſt; loath I am to languiſh, if I may have hope of Comfort, but your Abſence makes me doubt of my Recovery; I pray you therefore haſt you unto me, and let me be aſſured of your coming, leſt you come too late; you know my Diſeaſe, and are acquainted with my Body; for my Cure I leave it to God and your Conſcience, and ſo intreating your preſent Anſwer of your ſpeedy Preſence, I commend you to the Almighty.

Your ſick loving Patient, R. C.

His Anſwer.

MY *good* Patient, *I fear your Impatience hath by ſome Paſſion increaſed your Pain; I know the Force of your Diſeaſe cannot but be weakned, if you be not more afraid than hurt, you will not die of this Malady: If my Buſineſs were not great, I would ſee you, or if your Need were great I would not be from you; but knowing every Cramp is not a Convulſion, nor every Stitch at the Heart, I will only wiſh you to put off Melancholy, to take heed of Cold, to have mind rather of Heaven than Earth; eat good Meat, but not too much; drink good Wine, but meaſurable; be at Charity with all the World, but not too far with any, eſpecially with the feminine Gender; uſe Motion for natural Phyſick, and let a merry Heart be your beſt Phyſician, for Conceit is hurtful, if it be not contentive, and it is paſt the reach of my Reaſon to cure a corrupted Mind: Shortly, God willing, I will ſee you; in the mean time, imagine I am with you, for indeed I will*

not

not be long from you: And this let me tell you, that to put you out of Fear, I have no fear of you, but that you will be paſt Phyſick, e'er my Hope fail of your Cure, and that will not be in haſte; and ſo hoping that you are not ſo weak in Spirit, but that you can endure a little Pain with Patience, in hope of aſſured Health, till I ſee you, and always, I reſt,

Your Phyſician, and loving Doctor, *S. P.*

A Letter from a Son in Priſon to his Mother, his Eſtate being waſted.

DEar and loving Mother; as ever your maternal Love hath hitherto been manifeſted unto me, ſo now I beſeech you in this great Extremity, to extend it towards me; my Means are conſumed, my ſelf Captivated, ready to periſh with Want and which way to turn me in this height of Miſery I know not, but unto you, whoſe very careful Reſpect of me hath been ſuch, that nought could (or as yet I hope can) remove your Love from me: Wherefore, in Pity of my preſent Miſery, I deſire you, good Mother, to make ſome Means for my Enlargement, my Debts are not much, notwithſtanding of my ſelf, I am utterly unable to give Satisfaction, inſomuch, that unleſs you be pleaſed to commiſerate my Diſtreſs, I am utterly devoid of all Hope of Comfort, or Enlargement: If therefore you will vouchſafe to ſet me at Liberty, my future Duty and Diligence ſhall obſequiouſly in ſuch ſort be manifeſted, that whatſoever hath heretofore been amiſs, ſhall be amended, to my Good, and your Comfort, whereof wiſhing you to be moſt aſſured, and expecting your comfortable Anſwer, I reſt,

Your poor diſtreſſed Son, H. B.

Her Answer.

Son,

I AM sorry your Folly hath brought you to such Extremity: Had you been heedful in your Courses, you might have prevented these Disasters: Notwithstanding, since Misery ought rather to be pitied than blam'd, (especially by a Mother) I will in this your Extremity, in hope of your Reformity, manifest a Motherly Love unto you: Your Debts shall be paid, you set at Liberty, and some speedy Course be taken for your future Maintenance, if you will confirm what you have written; I will be with you to morrow, till then comfort your self, and pray for me, who am

Your indulgent Mother, *A. B.*

A Lover being to go beyond the Seas, takes leave of his Mistress thus.

My Dear,

SO leave the winter'd People of the North, the Minutes of their Summer, when the Sun departing leaves them in cold Walls of Ice, as I leave thee (my only Happiness on Earth) commanded from thy Presence by an irresistible Fate. But though we are sever'd for a Time, a span of Time, 'twill encrease our Joys, when next we meet; when we shall join again in a confirmed Unity for ever: Such will our next embraces be, my Dear, when the remembrance of former Dangers, (our Parents Anger frowns upon our Loves) will fasten Love in Perpetuity, will force our Sleeps to steal upon our Stories. These Days must come, and shall, without a Cloud or Night of Fear or Envy: Till when, keep warm my Soul within thy Bosom.

Thy real Lover, W. G.

Complemental and Amorous Ways of Wooing, and other Entertainments.

To wooe a fair young Gentlewoman.

Philander.

Madam, attracted by your Vertues, I come to offer up my Service at the ſhrine of your Beauty, deſiring you to excuſe my boldneſs, ſince Love compelled me, whoſe Deity no Mortal is able to reſiſt.

Silvia.

Sir, *For your Rhetorical Expreſſions I ſhould commend you, but where Complements are ſtrained ſo high, the Tongue is ſeldom the Ambaſſador of the Heart, therefore if you would have me to think any Reality in your Speech, wave Complements, for Truth ſeeks not theſe Fig-Leaves of Art to cover it.*

Philander.

Deareſt Love, I deſire to be rightly underſtood, your bright Beauty it is that hath captivated my Soul, thoſe two fair Eyes of thine have wounded my Heart which nothing but the Balſam of your Love can make whole again.

Silvia.

O, Sir, *you muſt pardon me if I think you flatter, for I cannot believe my Beauty hath ſuch Power to force ſuch Effects within your Heart.*

Philander.

O ſay not ſo, for if you felt the Force of *Cupid's* Dart as I do, you would ſay that nothing can touch my Soul like the Grief that I endure: O pity then my ſad Condition! And think with your ſelf that your fair Eyes have too much Majeſty in them to ſerve for Baits or Allurements of a diſſembling Lover.

Silvia.

Sir, *you muſt pardon me if I doubt of the Sincerity of your Affection till further trial; I ſhall therefore ſuſpend my Anſwer till Time, the Mother of Truth, ſhall make known your Reality; in the mean time live in hope; yet know that I ſhall never cheriſh any Love but what hath Vertue to its Baſis or Foundation.*

Philander.

Thanks, *Deareſt Miſtreſs*, and may the Gods ſo proſper me in my Suit, as Vertue and Honour is the ſole end that I propoſe to my ſelf.

To wooe a young Maid.

Young Man.

PUreſt Virgin, I know not which way to begin to open unto you the Secrets of my Breaſt, my Tongue falters in its Diſcourſe, and is not tipp'd with Eloquence; but this know, you are ſhe to whoſe Service my Heart is devoted, you are the Perſon on whom my Affections are placed, you are ſhe whom I adore, the ſcope and end of all my Deſires and Hopes.

Young Woman.

You ſpeak ſtrange Lines, Sir, though my own unworthineſs checks me to think I deſerve them; but you

Men

Men love to flatter, and with ſmooth Words bring Maids into a Fool's Paradiſe, and then laugh at the Folly of thoſe whom ſo ſilly you have deluded.

Young Man.

If my Tongue and Heart be not Relatives, may the one be ſtrucken Dumb, and the other puniſhed with Diſdain where it moſts affects; no, all that is mine is no leſs yours than are your own Thoughts and Words; nor can you ever do ſo much for me but that the Affection wherewith I adore you, and the Faith I have repoſed in you, will prove far greater.

Young Woman.

Fair Words make Fools fain. Cupid *(they ſay) laughs at Perjuries: Men think Womens Hearts to be made of Wax, fit to receive any Impreſſion that a ſmooth Tale puts on them: But I am not ſo young to believe all that Men ſay, nor ſo unwiſe by a few flattering Words to enter Loves Labyrinth, wherein ſo many before me have loſt their Way.*

Young Man.

Faireſt Miſtreſs, Be not ſo cruel to him that affects you ſo dearly. *Narciſſus* diſdaining others, was at laſt puniſhed with Self-love. Beauty is but a Bloſſom, and therefore fading: Time forces Youth to give Place to Age; and moſt commonly thoſe who diſdain others when Young, are themſelves diſdained when they are Old.

Young Woman.

Could I aſſure my Self your Love were real, Opinion might alter, and Fancy might doat where now it diſtruſts. Ce ia *might ſay that ſhe were* Strephon's,

if she were sure that Strephon *were really* Celia's: *Till Time therefore hath made a farther trial of your Truth, give me leave to remain as I am: Yet this know, that if I find you faithful, you may expect a better Answer at your Return.*

Young Man.

In Confidence of that Happiness I shall not fail to visit you again, in the mean time, let one Kiss seal unto me the Ratification of this your gracious Promise.

To wooe a Widow.

Gentleman.

COme Widow, it is time now to dry away Tears from your Eyes, and bethink you of another Husband. It is too much for you to take all the Care of a Family upon you, I come to offer my Service to be Partner with you in this Trouble.

Widow.

I thank you, Sir, for your kind Proffer, but I mean to continue in this State still; the Remembrance of my kind Husband cannot so soon die, that I should already entertain a new Lover into my Heart.

Gentleman.

It is an old, but true Saying, that *We must live by the Quick and not by the Dead.* Suppose he were one that loved you dearly, maintained you bravely, and in every respect shewed himself a true and faithful Friend to you: Think not the Stock of good Husbands so far spent, but that there is still some left who can equal if not exceed him in every Degree.

Widow.

Widow.

Such Husbands are thick ſown but thin come up; however, I ſpeak not this of you, for I muſt confeſs if I were minded to marry I ſhould embrace your Love as ſoon as any ones that I know, but being now free, I intend not to ſubject my ſelf to the Rule of a Husband any more.

Gentleman.

Be not ſo much an Enemy to your own Good, as by a fooliſh Nicety to debarr your ſelf the Pleaſures of a ſecond Marriage-Bed.

Widow.

Good Sir, if you love me, ſhew it in this, to ceaſe your Suit at this Time, for to tell you true, I am not now in the loving Vein

Gentleman.

Farewel, Widow, for this time, yet think not but I will come again; Tuſh, Women were made to be won, faint Heart never gained fair Lady; Denial is no Diſgrace.

James *an Apprentice, with* Jane *his Maſter's Daughter in the Dark.*

Jane. I Swear *James* I will wake my Father and Mother if you offer theſe rude Tricks; I wonder how the Candle went out.

James. Sweet Miſtreſs *Jane* be not angry, I ſcorn to offer you any Incivility, but I hope you will not be angry if I ſay I love you.

Jane. Love me little, and love me long; you are ſhort of your Time *James*; Four Years yet to ſerve, think on that *James*.

James. I could ſerve Four hundred Years methinks, had I but hope to win your Love at laſt,

the very ſight of you diſpels all ſad Thoughts of Servitude, and I am as free as the Air I breathe in, while I can frequently gaze on that Celeſtial Face of yours.

Jane. You have an Engliſh Expoſitor in your Box *James*, and therefore I do not wonder that you talk ſo fluently; beſides, you write Verſes now and then, I liked thoſe wondrous well that you made of our Boar-Cat that fell into the Houſe of Office.

James. I made one Copy to Day at the requeſt of a new Married Man, you know him I am ſure Miſtreſs *Jane*, *T. S.* the Milliner by the Stocks.

Jane. Let me hear them good *James*, he that puts a ſnaffle of Verſes into my Mouth may lead me e'en where he Liſt, I mean ſtill in the Way of honeſty *James*.

James. I know that Miſtreſs *Jane*, the Verſes are theſe:

A Modeſt Wife is ſuch a Jewel,
Every Goldſmith cannot ſhow it;
He that's honeſt and not cruel
Is the likelieſt Man to owe it.

How do you like them Miſtreſs *Jane*?

Jane. Now by my Maidenhead exceeding well: Ads Bodikins we are undone: my Father knocks I ſwear.

James. One kiſs dear Miſtreſs *Jane*.

Jane. Take half a Dozen, but make no delay; you know my Father is a haſty Man.

The

The Maſter being angry that his Apprentice makes Love to his Daughter, thus Schools him.

Maſter. Sirrah, you ſhall know that you are my Servant, my Apprentice bound and inrolled, tho' I have often intruſted thee with all I am Maſter of at home and abroad, yet I do not remember that I ever gave my Conſent that thou ſhouldſt court my Daughter, and juſt in the nick of Time too, when ſhe is on the very point of Preferment, as they ſay, when I had found out a wealthy Husband for her, but I ſhall break the Neck of your Deſign, and mar your Matter of Matrimony.

Servant. SIR, I acknowledge my ſelf your Creature, a Thing that is wholly at your Diſpoſal; yet give me leave to ſay, that I have not been careleſs of that which concerns your Profit, nor have I laviſhed and waſted your Stock by my Unthriftineſs, I never wore your Gains upon my Back, nor exhauſted your Treaſure by my Riots; but for your Daughter, if her Love have the leaſt Relation to me, I ſhall not Endeavour to ſtop it, though I were ſure to be broken upon the Wheel in caſe I neglected it; nor indeed am I able to frown upon her fair Wiſhes, whoſe Love I durſt own to the Tee h of torture, nor will you (I hope) have a Thought of matching her to that lame Piece of Letchery.——

Maſter. 'Tis very well, I ſhall receive Inſtructions from you to whom I ſhall wed my Daughter, but I ſhall diſcharge your Wiſdom from any ſuch Employment; I do here diſcharge you my Houſe, take your own Liberty, and when I know not where to find a Son-in-law I will ſend

for you; be gone Sir, I do freely free you my Service, you are your own Maſter now, but ſhall never be my Daughter's Husband.

Two Faithful Lovers Complement each other, meeting accidentally.

She. SWeet, *&c.* welcome: *Dido* was not more joyful when *Æneas* landed on the Carthaginian Shore, than I am to meet thee thus happily.

He. Thrice bleſſed be that kind Fate which conducted me to this Place, where I have the ſight of her who is the ſole Comfort that I have on Earth.

She. You may ſee how much *Fortune* is our Friend.

He. They ſay that *Fortune* is only courteous to Coxcombs,

She. By that rule (my Dear) you ſhould not be overwiſe.

He. Nay, ſometimes the ſly Goddeſs affords a glance or ſo, even to thoſe that are meriting, but that it is very ſeldom, and at beſt but to ſhew her mutability, not that ſhe is Friend to worth. ——What ſays my Dear unto that faithful love which I have ever fervently profeſt.

She. I ſhall not diſſemble, though I bluſh to acknowledge it; that very blind Boy who has wounded you, has alſo lodg'd an Arrow in my Breaſt, I love you dearly; and may thoſe Powers who govern all Things Terreſtrial, grant not only the Fruition, but the Felicity that all Loyal Lovers merit.

He. You make me happy above Humane Thought, my Breaſt is too narrow to comprehend

hend thoſe numerous Joys that throng about my Heart

She. My Father you know will do his utmoſt to hinder what God and Nature I hope has decreed; I mean, he will uſe all the Stratagems that can be imagined to diſſolve this ſacred Union; he ſwears I ſhall marry with a Man of Wealth, and of his chuſing, or he will not own me for his Child, but I ſcorn *Mammon* and his *Mines*, the Goods of the Mind are the Things that I prize, yet I would have you uſe your utmoſt Skill (if it be poſſible) to obtain my Father's Conſent.

He. I ſhall be guided by thee my fair One, were the Venture more Perilous than that of *Jaſon* for the Golden Fleece; thou art my chaſte *Medea*, and being armed with thy oraculous Counſel, I ſhall not fear to force my way, tho' oppoſed by Millions of Dangers.

She. Thanks my gentle Love; but leſt that my Father (whoſe jealous Head is haunted with more doubts than *Argus* was furniſhed with Eyes) ſhould ſuſpect our Conference, I will preſently leave you. Farewel deareſt Friend until our next Meeting.

He. Adieu my Love, let the faireſt Fortune attend thee, I will reſort to your Father to morrow to implore his Conſent, I have a Hope to prevail upon him.

A Dialogue betwixt Will. *and* Joan.

Will. COme *Joan*, we are towards Marriage, let us talk of that will do us good: What will thy Grandam give us towards Houſekeeping?

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A Dialogue betwixt Will. *and* Joan.

Will. COme *Joan*, we are towards Marriage, let us talk of that will do us good: What will thy Grandam give us towards Houſekeeping?

Joan. Marry, Two Platters, a Pot and a Pan, Two Diſhes, and as many Spoons, a Sheet and Two flannel Blankets

Will. This is pretty well indeed, let me ſee: We muſt be askt in the Church next *Sunday*, and we'll be married preſently.

Joan. I' faith my Honey ſweet Comb, I love thee; we'll have a whole Noiſe of Fidlers, tho' I pawn my Petticoat for't: Come *Will.* let us make haſte home, and we'll make a Bag pudding to Supper.

Will. Come away Chuck.

Floria *and* Phillis, *Two near Neighbouring Damſels, diſcourſe of their Loves; reſolving not to marry Old Men for Money.*

Flor. PHillis, I kiſs your Hands.

Phillis. *Floria*, I pray you pardon me; I ſaw you not.

Flor. I faith you have fixt Thoughts draw your Eyes inward, that you ſee not your Friends before you.

Phil. True, and I think, the ſame that trouble you.

Flor. Then 'tis the Love of a young Gentleman, and bitter Hatred of an old Dotard.

Phil. 'Tis ſo, witneſs your Brother *Franciſco*, and the rotten Carcaſs of old *Roderigo*: Had I a Hundred Hearts, I ſhould want room to entertain his Love, and the others Hate.

Flor. I could ſay as much, were't not ſin to ſlander the dead. Miſerable Wenches! how have we offended our Fathers, that they ſhould make us the Price of their Dotage, the Medicines of their Griefs, that have more need of Phyſick our ſelves?

ſelves? I thank my dead Mother that left me a Woman's Will, in her laſt Teſtament; that's all the Weapons we poor Girls can uſe; and with that will I fight againſt Father, Friends, and Kindred, and either enjoy *Gerardo*, or die in the Field in his Quarrel.

Phil. You are happy, that can withſtand your Fortune with ſo merry a Reſolution.

Flor. Why ſhould I twine my Arms to Cables, ſit up all Night like a watching Candle, and diſtil my Brains through my Eye-lids? Your Brother loves me and I love your Brother; and where theſe Two conſent, I would fain ſee a Third could hinder us.

Phil. Alas! our Sex is moſt wretched; no ſooner born, but nurs'd up from our Infancy in continual Slavery; no ſooner able to pray for our ſelves, but they poſſeſs us with the Anger of our Parents, that we dare not offer to bate our Deſires: And whereas it becomes Men to vent their amorous Paſſions at their Pleaſure, we (poor Souls) muſt take up our Affections in the Aſhes of a burnt Heart, not daring to ſigh without excuſe of the Spleen, or Fit of the Mother.

Flor. I will plainly profeſs my Love; 'tis honeſt, chaſte, and ſtains not Modeſty. Shall I be married (by my Father's Compulſion) to an old-feeble Fellow, who is able to beget nothing but Groans; a dry Skin Dotard, a weak Back Coxcomb? No, no, I'll ſee him freeze to Cryſtal firſt. In other Things, good Father, I am your moſt obedient Daughter; but in this, a pure Woman. And in troth, the Temper of my Blood tells me, I was never born to ſo cold a Misfortune: My Genius whiſpers me in the Ear, and

ſwears

ſwears, we ſhall enjoy our Loves; fear it not, my Friend, and ſo farewell, good *Phillis*, farewel, farewel.

Phil. Farewel, merry-hearted *Floria*.

A Young Citizen Courting his Neighbour's Daughter.

Antonio *and* Clarina.

Ant. GOod morrow, ſweet *Clarina*; in exchange of this Kiſs, ſee what I have brought thee from the *Exchange*.

Clar. What mean you, Sir, by this?

Ant. Gueſs that by the Circumſtance: Here's a Ring, wear't for my ſake; Twenty Guinea's, pocket them, you Fool. Come, come, I know thou art a Maid: Say nay, and take them.

Clar. Sir, I beſeech you, faſten no more upon me, than I may at eaſe ſhake off. Your Gift I reverence, yet refuſe: And I pray tell me, why do you come ſo often hither, ſend me ſo many Letters, faſten on me ſo many Favours? what's your meaning in't?

Ant Hark in thy Ear, I'll tell thee: Is't poſſible ſo ſoft a Body ſhould have ſo hard a Soul? Nay, now I know my Penance; you will be angry and ſchool me for tempting your Modeſty. A fig for this Modeſty; it hinders many a good Man from many a good Turn, and that's all the good it doth: But if thou but kneweſt, *Clarina*, how I love thee, thou wouldſt be far more tractable. Nay, I bar chiding when thou ſpeak'ſt: I'll ſtop thy Lips if thou doſt but offer an angry Word; by this Hand I'll do't, and with this too.

Clarina. Sir, If you love me, as you ſay you do, ſhew me the Fruits thereof.

Antonio.

Ant. The Stock I can; thou may'ſt ſee the Fruits hereafter.

Clar. Can I believe you love me, when you ſeek the Shipwrack of my Honour?

Ant. Honour! there's another Word to flap in a Man's Mouth. Honour! why ſhould'ſt thou and I ſtand upon our Honour, that were neither of us yet right Worſhipful?

Clar. I am ſorry, Sir, I have lent ſo large an Ear to ſuch a bad Diſcourſe; and I proteſt, after this Hour, never to do the like. I muſt confeſs, of all the Gentlemen that ever courted me, you have poſſeſs'd the beſt part in my Thoughts: But this courſe Language exiles you quite from thence. Sir, had you come, inſtead of changing this my honeſt Name into a Strumpet's, to have honour'd me with the chaſte Title of an honeſt Wife, I had reſerv'd an Ear for all your Suits; but ſince I ſee your Rudeneſs finds no Limit, I'll leave you to your Luſt.

Ant. You ſhall not, *Clarina.*

Clar. Then keep your Tongue within more moderate Bounds.

Ant. I will; as I am vertuous, I will. I told you the ſecond Word would be a Marriage: It makes a Man forfeit his Freedom, and walk up and down ever after, with a Chain at his Heels. Marriage is like *Dædalus* his Labyrinth; and being once in, there's no finding the way out. Well, I love this little Property moſt intolerably; and I muſt ſet her on the Laſt, though it coſt me all the Shooes in my Shop. Well, *Clarina*, thou ſeeſt my Stomach is come down; thou haſt my Heart already, there's my Hand.

Clarina. But in what way?

Antonio. Nay I know not the Way yet; but I hope to find it hereafter, by your good Direction.

Clar. I mean, in what manner, in what way?

Ant. In the way of Marriage, in the way of Honesty. I hope thou art a Maid, *Clarina.*

Clar. Yes, Sir, and I accept it; in exchange of this, you shall receive my Heart.

Ant. A Bargain, and there's Earnest on thy Lips.

A rough Soldier in Discourse with a soft Lady.

Sold. NOW, Lady, are you in hast? Or do you slight a Presence may Challenge your Observance? I am come confident of my Merit, to inform you, you ought to yield me the most strict regard your Love can offer.

Lady. Sir, I am not (though I affect not self-conceited boast) so ignorant of my Worth, but I deserve from him who will enjoy me, a Respect more fair and courtlike.

Sold. The blunt Phrase of War is my accustomed Language; yet I can tell you y'are very handsome, and direct your Looks with a becoming Posture; I must speak in the Heroick Dialect, as I use to court *Bellona*, when my Desires aim at a glorious Victory.

Lady. You'll scarce conquer a Lady with this stern Discourse; *Mars* did not wooe the Queen of Love in Arms, but wrapt his batter'd Limbs in *Persian* Silks, or costly *Tyrian* Purples, spoke in Smiles to win her tempting Beauty.

Sold. I'll bring well-manag'd Troops of Soldiers to the Fight, draw big Battalia's like a moving Field of standing Corn blown one way by the Wind, against the frighted Enemy; the Van shall save the Rear a labour, and by me marshal'd

shall

ſhall fold bright Conqueſt in the Curles. *Penetan Daphnè*, who did fly the Sun, ſhall give her Boughs to me for Raviſhment, to inveſt my awful Front; and this ſhall proſtrate (ſpight of all Oppoſition) your nice Soul to my commanding Merit.

Lady. Theſe high Terms were apt to fright an Enemy, or beget Terror in flinty Boſoms. Can you think a timorous Lady can affect her Fear, yield the Security of her Peace and Life to the Protection of her Honour? You muſt not perſwade my Thoughts, that you who vary to the Scene of Love, can act it preſently.

Sold. Slighted Lady! 'tis a Contempt inhumane, and deſerves my utmoſt Scorn: I muſt find one more pliant.

A Gentleman ſolicits a vertuous Gentlewoman to have the Uſe of her Body, only to prove her.

Robertus. ARE you ſtill reſolute (my deareſt Miſtreſs) to perſiſt in your ſtrange Tyranny, and ſcorn my conſtant Love?

Lucretia. Do not, Sir, abuſe that ſacred Title which the Powers Celeſtial glory in, by aſcribing it to your hot Deſires; pray rather cloath them in their own Attributes; term them your Luſt, Sir, your wild irregular Luſt.

Rob. This is coyneſs, a cunning coyneſs, to make me eſteem at a high Rate, that Jewel which you ſeem to part from ſo unwillingly: (Merchants uſe it, to put bad Ware away:) think how much Gold and Silver thou ſhalt gain, in the Exchange of one poor trivial Commodity: That thing call'd Honour, which you ſo much ſtand upon, is meerly an imaginary Voice, an unſubſtantial

ſubſtantial Eſſence; and yet for that thou ſhalt have real Pleaſures, ſuch as Ladies, prone to delicious Luxury, would covet to ſate their Deſires.

Luc. Away, Sir, you have a canker'd Soul; and know, Sir, not your Eſtate (were you rich *Craſus*'s Heir) ſhall buy my Honour.

Rob. Pray, Sweet, forgive me; ſeal it with one chaſte kiſs, and henceforth let me adore you as the ſaver of my Honour (had I meant as I ſaid.) My Truth and Fame's preſerver, by Heaven, I did but try you, I muſt confeſs, having a great Ambition to prove them Lyers, who extoll'd your Worth. Had you yielded to my Deſires (my looſer Heart by your Conſent extinguiſh'd) I ſhould have eſteem'd, (yea, divulg'd it to the World) that you were but a Piece of counterfeit Gold, a fair Houſe haunted with Goblins, which none but a mad Man would enter to poſſeſs: but I have found your Worth, and beg your Pardon.

Luc. You have it, Sir, although 'twas not well done to tempt a Woman's Weakneſs. Fare you well, Sir.

Rob. Farewell, the beſt of Women.

A Friend having brought one of his Acquaintance home, thus entertains him.

Frederick. SIR, I have too much intrench'd upon your Patience, to bring you thus far, for ſo poor a Welcome.

Franciſco. You have oblig'd my Gratitude above Thought: Your Heart I ſee's as fairly ſpacious, as this your well-built, richly furniſh'd Fabrick. I am too poor in Courtſhip, to expreſs how I accept this Favour. *Frederick.*

Frederick. You abound in all Perfections. Pleaſe you to ſit and taſte thoſe homely Cates my Houſe affords, which I preſent unto you with as awful Love, as Mortals offer Incenſe to the Deities.

Franc. You prompt me what to ſay, Sir: Thoſe Words tranſvers'd, would better fit my utterance.

Fred. Pray, Sir, let this be but a formal Entrance unto our future Friendſhip: I am oblig'd to you for many Favours; in the Performance of which Courteſies, you have ſhewn your ſelf the legitimate Son of your moſt worthy Father, as well Heir to his Vertues, as his Lands.

Franc. Sir, Challenge all my Services as your own; command whate'er is mine: All my Faculties ſhall be employ'd to practiſe Retribution.

Fred. Sir, I thank you, and ſhall be ever preſt to gratifie your Goodneſs. Pray, Sir, eat; how reliſh you this Rheniſh Wine?

Franc. 'Tis precious as the Milk of Queens; I have not drank the like: Great *Ottoman* himſelf quaffs not a purer Liquor. Sir, to our future Amity.

Fred. I moſt cordially thank you. My Houſe was never furniſh'd until now, your Preſence makes me happy.

Franc. Sir, You too much grace your Servant.

Fred. Sir, You want what I wiſh, ſome choice Diſhes, which would perſwade you to feed more freely.

Franc. Lucullus, were he here himſelf, could not repine at this repaſt: I am no Gormundizer, nor yet am guilty of their ridiculous Geſtures, who muſt have every Bit ſawc'd with this Word, *Sir, I beſeech you eat*; and riſe as hungry, but more Fools by far, than when they ſate down.

Frederick.

Fred. You are in all Reſpects your ſelf, Sir. But 'faith, ſince we're ſo opportunely met, let us not part ſo coolly. Though my own Wine be good, the miſchief is, I have no Buſh hangs at my Door, no Linen Aprons to ſqu ak *Anon, Sir*: the Name of Tavern, adds to our Deſires Methinks Abſurdities dance round about me, when I drink Healths at home.

Franc. Sir, *Bacchus* will reward you for your Courteſie entail'd unto his Prieſt. My Service waits upon you.

A Complement between a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman before a Milleners-Shop in the Exchange.

Madam, y'are welcome to this Paradiſe of Toys: be pleas'd to chuſe what you like, and I ſhall ſacrifice to your Beauty upon the Altar of this Shop, what Gold you ſhall think fit to command from my Pockets.

Sir, You enrich me with your Gifts; I'll aſſure you Sir; I do as freely accept of your Kindneſs, as you do liberally beſtow them: For we Ladies of this Town, ſeldom have any mercy upon a Country-Gentleman's Pocket, when we meet with an Opportunity to empty it.

Madam, Your nimble Eye wherewith you do eſpy the Faults of Garb and Habit, emboldens me to crave your Judgment concerning the cut of my Cloaths, the choice of my Fancies, and the ſling of my Legs.

Sir, For your Cloaths, were not your Breeches a little too long, they were Jeer-proof againſt all the Ladies either in *Hide-Park* or *Spring-Garden*. You walk ſuch a barbary Prance, and ſtately Step, that your Feet are like Load-ſtones, drawing the Eyes of all Perſons on you. *Madam*,

Madam, I wiſh the Gods would transform me into this Fan, that I am now about to give you, that I might be always puffing into your Mouth the Breath of my Affections; or this Piece of Ribband, that I might always hang about you in Two Taſſels, the one at your Breaſt, the other at your Breech.

Sir, I never fancied Fleſh-colour Knots, nor am I about to build Cities, that you ſhould proffer me your Hide to meaſure the Compaſs of the Walls; if I were, your Favours, Sir, merit, that I ſhould like *Dido*, uſe ſomething elſe for that Work; rather chuſing you for my *Æneas*, to help me to People it.

A Horſe-Courſer courting a Parſons Widow.

Lady, The great Affection that I bear you, and the great deſire I have to be lucky in Horſe-fleſh, ſpur me on to accoſt you with an humble Requeſt, that I may be your Servant.

Sir, Your proper Perſon and eloquent Language would accuſe me of Ingratitude, ſhould my Obſtinacy, to your reaſonable Demands, be any Hindrance to your fortunate Markets.

An Apprentice and a young Lady at a Boarding-School.

Lady, Seeing the painted Cloth of your Vertues hang out at the Window, and Fame ſtanding at the Door with a Trumpet in her Hand, I could not chuſe, out of a natural Inclination which I have to Sights and Puppet-Shews, but ſtep in to behold the monſtrouſneſs of your Beauties; and now, Madam, having ſeen you, I admire you more than the Hairy-Gentlewoman.

Sir,

Sir, Your Kindneſs proceeds more from your Goodneſs than my Deſert; but you muſt give me leave to think you Complement, ſince you have compar'd me to a Perſon whoſe incomparable Qualities are as much above mine, as *Paul's* is above S. *Gregory's*.

Lady, If you'll be pleas'd to take a Cheeſecake and a Bottle of Syder as the Earneſt of my Affection, I ſhall think my ſelf honour'd with waiting on you.

Sir, I ſhall not refuſe the proffer of your Kindneſs, for the ſhort Commons our Miſtreſs allows us, makes us very willing to embrace ſuch Invitations.

At the Spring-Garden.

Madam, Let me beg a Kiſs from you, that I may drink to you in that Liquor which I moſt love, the Nectar of your Lips.

Your Servant, *Sir*, now give me leave to pledge you in that Liquor which I moſt love, which is a Glaſs of Syder.

Madam, Theſe Cheeſecakes were made to eat, I would you could feed on them with that Eagerneſs, that I could feed on the Perfections of your Face; there is in them ſweetneſs, tenderneſs, and pleaſantneſs, the Emblems of your Qualifications.

Sir, I know not how to recompence theſe Favours, ſo that I am troubled that I muſt be now more in your Debt, before I have gratify'd your firſt Kindneſſes.

At Parting.

Empreſs of my Soul, God give you good Night, many Thanks to you for your ſweet Company.

I muſt return the ſame Acknowledgement to you again, *Sir*, who have this Night both fill'd my Heart with your Love, and my Belly with good Cheeſecakes.

A Paſſado Complement between a Gentleman and a Lady, meeting in Two ſeveral Coaches in the High-way going to Hide-Park.

YOur moſt humble Servant, *Madam*, I bleſs the Opportunity that now gives me leave to tell you how much I honour you, ſince you are the only Lady that ride triumphant in the Coach-Box of my Heart.

Sir, I do not know how I have merited ſo great a Favour, I wiſh it were a ſufficient Recompence to let you underſtand, that you are the only Perſon that hold the Reins of my Affection.

Madam, Be pleaſed to honour me with your Commands, and I ſhall diet my ſelf like a Race-Horſe, that I may be ſwift to obey them.

Sir, My Commands are only, that you would accept of my Love, which I beſtow upon you with the ſame freeneſs that you ever gave your Miſtreſs a Bottle of Wine and Tarts.

O dear Madam, your moſt humble Servant. Drive on Coachman.

Between

Between a Gentleman and a Seamſtreſs.

Lady, The niceneſs of your Neckcloaths which I do now and then ſend for by my Foot-Boy, hath brought me to viſit the Maker of thoſe comely Ornaments of my Neck.

Sir Were it not for ſpeaking againſt my Trade and Profit, I would ſay that your good Face needs no Help.

Then the Gentleman lolling over the Counter thus proceeds.

Truly Miſtreſs, I do not wonder that your pretty Fingers do ſtitch up ſo many neat Ornaments, ſeeing that you are that very Picture of Ornament it ſelf, and doutbleſs your Trade muſt be very innocent, for you deal all in white.

Sir, Your good Opinion doth much oblige me; yet I entreat the Favour of you to believe, that there is as much deceit in our Trade, as in any Occupation about *London*.

Lady, You may perceive by my Behaviour and Garb, that I am a Perſon wholly made up of Complements, ſo that the greateſt Complement that I can give you, is my ſelf And as a Teſtimony of this, I ſhould be glad to give you a Treatment at the *Spring-Garden*, not daring to doubt, but that you are, as Fame ſpeaketh of moſt of your Calling, of a courteous and yielding Nature.

Sir, Your great Eſtate would argue me of Folly, ſhould I deny you any Thing that may obtain your Cuſtom.

Between

Between the Country-Bumpkin and his Miſtreſs going to a Fair.

WEll overtaken my dear *Katey*, I no ſooner heard that you were gone to the Fair, but I came a ſwinging Pace after thee; for in troth *Kate* I love thee above all Things, as a Man may ſay, in the verſal World. Alas, *Kate*, thy Love hath gor'd me to the very Heart, ſo that I ſhall be always as ſick as a Horſe till thou haſt cur'd me with the Plaiſter of thy Love.

Nay *Richard*, As bad as I love thee, I do not love thee ſo ill, but that I'll kiſs my Lips into a Conſumption to ſave thy Life.

Hey day, ſay'ſt thou me ſo *Kate*? God a mercy for that Girl, by the maſs, and that word ſhall coſt me the beſt Fairing in the Pedlers-Pack. Come hold by my Skirts, and let's make all the haſte we can *Kate*.

O Dear, *Richard*, how you ſweat! here take my Handkercher to wipe your Face. But, *Richard* muſt not I wear a good Ring like my Dame, when I am married.

Aye *Kate*, and a Poſie in it too, which ſhall be this, Richard *and* Kate *ſhall live without Hate*. 'Twas my own Invention, and judge you now *Kate*, if I be not a brave Blade to lead a Hen to water.

Truly *Richard* did I not take you for a very pretty Fellow, you ſhould not be ſo much in my Books as you are; I know more than one or two that would kiſs my Back-ſide to have half thoſe Favours from me that you have received. Bleſs us! how the Fair's crouded already.

In

In the Fair.

Come *Kate*, follow close, unhook my Doublet, take fast hold on my Wasteband, Shoulders make room for your Mistress. Come, dost do, Come *Kate* where are ye? what do ye like at that Stall?

Oh *Richard*, I'll tell thee what thou shalt give me; a Silver Bodkin to scratch my Head at Church withal, and a Silver Thimble to make thy Wedding-Shirt.

What thou wilt *Kate*, my Fob Buttons, and unbuttons at thy Command. Uds boars *Kate*, why dost think I won't please my Sweet-heart, Yes 'fath, and I'll give thee a Bottle of White-wine and Sugar too at the *George*, before we go home.

At the Inn.

Come *Kate*, give me thy Sugar-candy Fist. Here's to thee with Heart and good Will. And now caper *Dick* for joy; *Kate*'s thine, *Kate*'s thine, Boy. I have purchased her with a Silver Bodkin and a Thimble, and she's now my Tenant in Tail: Come Girl, give me thy Hand once more, and strike me good Luck.

Here *Richard*, here's to thee. I'll warrant thee a merry Grig how e'er the World go.

Come say away Girl;

Hey down a down a derry down,
Hey down a down a derry down;
My Love she is as brown as a Nut,
My Love's a very pretty little Slut;
She hath a dimple in her Chin,
And I am he that did her win.

A Col-

A COLLECTION OF THE Choiceſt and Neweſt SONGS.

SONG I.

THe Sun was juſt ſetting, the reaping was done,
And over the Common I tript it alone,
When whom ſhould I meet but young *Dick* of our Town,
Who ſwore e'er I went I ſhould have a green Gown,
He preſt me I ſtumbl'd, he puſh't me I tumbl'd,
He kiſt me I grumbl'd, but ſtill he kiſt on,
Then roſe and went from me as ſoon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo
May I be worſe rumpled, worſe tumbled and jumbled,
Where-ever, where-ever I go.

Before an old Counſel I ſummon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was ſerv'd by his Clark,
He pull'd out his Ink-horn and ask'd me his Fee,
You now ſhall relate the whole Buſineſs quoth he,
He preſt me, &c.

The Lawyer then came, and tho' grave was his (Look,
Seem'd to wish I would kiss him instead of the (Book,
He whisper'd his Clerk then, and leaving the (Place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case;
He prest me, &c.

SONG II.

THus *Damon* knock'd at *Celia*'s Door,
Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Celia*'s Door;
He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore,
The sign was so, she answer'd No,
The sign was so, she answer'd No,
No, no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
No *Damon*, no, no, no, no, no,
I am afraid,
Consider *Damon*, I'm a Maid,
Consider *Damon*, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
I m a Maid.

At last his sighs and tears made way,
She rose and softly turn'd the Key,
Come in said she, but do not, do not stay,
I may conclude you will be rude,
But if you are you may:
I may conclude you will be rude, &c.

SONG III.

NO, no, poor suffering Heart, no change En- (deavour,
Chuse to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;
My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without her:
One

One tender ſigh from her, to ſee me languiſh,
Will more than pay the price of my paſt Anguiſh.
Beware, oh cruel fair! how you ſmile on me,
'Twas a kind Look of thine that has undone me.

Love has in ſtore for me one happy minute,
And ſhe muſt end my Pain, that did begin it;
Then ſo divine a Bliſs, and Pleaſures leaving,
Ages wil ſlide away without perceiving:
Cupid ſhall guard the Door, the more to pleaſe her;
And keep out Time and Death, when they would (ſeize her;
Time and Death ſhall depart, and ſay, when (flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

SONG IV.

DE'el take the War that hurry'd *Willy* from me,
who to love me juſt had ſworn,
They made him Captain ſure to undoe me,
waa is me he' l ne'er return;
A thouſand Loons abroad will fight him,
he from thouſands ne'er would run,
Day and Night did I invite him
to ſtay ſafe from Sword or Gun:
I us'd alluring Graces,
with muckle kind Embraces,
Now ſighing, then crying, Tears dropping fall,
and had he my ſoft Arms,
preferr'd to Wars Alarms,
My Love grows mad, without the Man of gad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I waſht and patcht to make me look provoking,
ſnares that they told me would catch the Men,
And on my Head, a huge Commode ſat cocking,
which made me ſhew a tall agen:

For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,
which with golden Flowers did ſhine;
My Love well might think me gay and bonny,
no Scotch Loſs was e'er ſo fine:
My Petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too with Thred I knotted,
Lace Shooes, ſilken Hoſe garter'd over Knee,
but oh! the fatal Thought,
to *Willy* theſe are nought,
Who rid to Towns, and rifled with Dragoons,
When he ſilly Loon might have plunder'd me.

SONG V.

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why do's it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Con-
(tent?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I com-
(plain?
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain;
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
(Heart

I graſp her Hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known;
But oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe do's
(prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide it, ſhe reveals all her
(flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither can
(name.

How pleaſant is Beauty? how ſweet are the
(Charms?
How delightful Embraces? how peaceful her
(Arms?

Sure

Sure there's nothing ſo eaſie, as learning to love,
It's taught us on Earth, and by all Things above;
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Hero's muſt (yield
For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair (Field.

SONG VI.

HOw lovely's a Woman before ſhe's enjoy'd,
When the Spirits are ſtrong, and the Fancy (not cloy'd,
We admire e'ery part, tho' never ſo plain. (dain.
Which when throughly poſſeſs'd we quickly diſ-

Each Lady we court, and beg they'd be kind,
And when they conſent for to be of our mind,
We kiſs and embrace, and do what's to be done,
When their Bellies are full, we leave them forlorn.

All Women we ſee, we hope to enjoy,
We think our ſelves happy, if they prove not coy,
Each Feature we praiſe, and admire their Parts,
Tho' to the next Face, we do proffer our Hearts.

So drinking we love too, juſt at the ſame rate,
For when we are at it we fooliſhly prate,
What Acts we have done, and ſet up for wit,
But next Morning's Pains, our Pleaſures do quit.

We drink all the Morning both Coffee and Tea,
And think there is none live more ſober than we
Till to dinner we move, then the Glaſs muſt go (round
Full Bumpers of Wine, till our Senſes are drown'd.

SONG VII.

WHere got'ſt thou the *Haver-Mill Bonack*,
blind Booby can'ſt thou not ſee,
Iſe got it out of the Scotchman's Wallet,
as he lig louſing him under the Tree;
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come ſaddle my Horſe and call up my Man,
Come open the Gates and let me go free,
And ſhew me the Way unto bonny Dundee.

For I have neither robbed nor ſtole,
nor have I done any Injury;
But I have gotten a fair Maid with Child,
the Miniſter's Daughter of bonny *Dundee*,
Come fill up my Cup, &c.

Altho' Iſe gotten her Maiden-head,
geud faith iſe have given mine own in lieu,
For when at her Daddy's iſe gan to Bed,
iſe mow'd her without any more to do,
Iſe cuddle her cloſe and gave her a kiſs,
Pray tell me now where is the harm of this:
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Iſe gan no more to bonny Dundee.

All *Scotland* ne'er afforded a Laſs,
ſo bonny and blith as *Jenny* my dear,
Iſe gave her a Gown of Green on the Graſs,
but now Iſe no longer muſt tarry here;
Then ſaddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,
For now it is time to gan hence away:
Then open the Gates, &c.

SONG VIII.

YOung I am and yet unskill'd,
How to make a Lover yield,
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign, Take

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true,
E'er I can my Soul diſguiſe, (Eyes
Heave my Breaſt, heave my Breaſt, and roll my

Stay not till I learn that way,
How to lie and to betray,
He that has me firſt is beſt,
For I may deceive the reſt;
Could I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love, and full of Truth,
Brisk and of a ganty Mear,
I ſhould long, I ſhould long to be Fifteen.

O how ſweet's a married Life?
Methinks I fain would be a Wife,
Beſides I hear ſome People tell,
That Maidens do lead Apes in Hell,
And tho' I be but young in Years,
Yet am poſſeſt with many Fears,
Leſt your Love you ſhould deny,
And I muſt, and I muſt a Maiden dye.

Come then come ſome pretty Man,
And I'll pleaſe you if I can,
If you fear I am too young,
I ſhall be older e'er its long;
Take me, take me, then make haſt;
Whilſt my Love is pure and chaſte,
For I do declare to you,
That I will, that I will be ever true,

SONG IX.

STrike up drouſie Gut-ſcrapers
Gallants be ready, each with his Lady;
Foot it about, till the Night be run out,
let no one's Humour pall.

Brisk Lads now cut your Capers,
Put your Legs to't, and ſhew you can do't;
Friſk, friſk it away, till break of Day,
and hey for *Richmond* Ball.

Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,
Nymphs of the Woods, and ſtale City Goods;
Ye Cherubins and Seraphins,
Ye Caravans and Haradans,
in Order all advance:
Twittenham Loobies, *Thiſtleworth* Boobies,
Wits of the Town, and Beaus that have none;
Ye Jacobites as ſharp as Pins,
Ye Monſieurs, and ye Sooterkins,
I'll teach you all the Dance.

Come fair Ladies, whoſe Beauty
Is ſo admir'd, you are requir'd [Voice
To make your Choice. Oh! how ſweet is the
that ſings ſo high and low?
Then come here all together,
The black and brown, from every Town;
Then, then you will find, Love will be kind,
and Joys will higher grow.

Mind your dancing, ſtill advancing,
Now with a Grace, in each proper Place,
Move ſoft and ſweet, advance, retreat,
And never fear, the Muſick here,
mind ſtill your own Affairs:
Batterſey Miſſes with your ſoft Kiſſes
Clapham likewiſe with languiſhing Eyes,
With us be free to bear a part,
'Twill pleaſe young Ladies to the Heart;
no Dance with this compares.

SONG

SONG X.

CHarming *Jenny* is fair and gay,
And blith as Nightingales in *May*,
And round her Eye-lids young *Cupids* play;
in her Face the Spring is ſeen,
The Violet, Roſe, and Lily,
And the Daffadily;
theſe are like young *Billy*'s Queen:
And all the Swains do admire, and deſire,
And lay Garlands by her,
and each burns with a pleaſing Flame.

Balmy Kiſſes each Night,
Young *Jenny* gives me with delight,
And is a Laſs moſt bonny, a Beauty bright:
ſhe has Eyes that are black and fine,
Black as any Berry,
With a Hey-down derry,
brisk as any ſparkling Wine; (ſure,
And without meaſure, to toy and take our Plea-
And I ſearch her Treaſure,
and I find her all o'er Divine.

He that ſees a ſweet Beauty in her Bed,
With Cheeks like Crimſon red,
When on ſoft Pillows ſhe lays her Head;
ſtraight muſt think on Ten thouſand Joys,
Of ſweet Maiden-kiſſes,
And of Virgin-bliſſes,
and of little bantling-Boys;
'Tis ſo, for no Man, but loves a pretty Woman
(If ſhe be not common)
thus 'tis Beauty that all decoys.

SONG XI.

DRaw *Cupid* draw, ſupport thy Law,
and let fair *Silvia* know
What mighty Pain, her ſervile Swain,
do's for her undergo;
Convey a Dart into her Heart,
and ſet her Eyes on Fire,
And then return, and let her burn,
like me in chaſte Deſire.

To *Silvia* ſteal and let her feel
a bleeding Lover's Grief,
Who through her Pride has been deny'd
of Succour and Relief:
For untill then, the beſt of Men
ſhe'll ſcornfully deſpiſe,
But let her know, thy golden Bow
can conquer her likewiſe.

SONG XII.

SOund a Trumpet, ſound a Trumpet,
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,
march on brave Granadiers,
and do not fear,
The Train of Artillery is marching in the Rear,
With little Boys to attend them.
Advance your Horſe, Boys, advance your Horſe,
Dub a dub, let the Foot march on, Boys, (Boys,
the Duke and all his Train
is marching along
With Brandenburghers, Danes,
Brave Boys the Town's our own,
Dub a dub, Boys, they're overthrown.
Rally again, Boys, rally amain, Boys,
Face to the Right, and front as you were,
preſent and give Fire,
you ſtout Musketeers,
Dub a dub, Boys, do not fear,
The Town's our own.

SONG

SONG XIII.

Liberia's all my Thought and Dream,
she's all, all, all, she's all, all, all,
my Plea-ſure and my Pain.
Liberia's all that I eſteem,
and all I fear is her Diſdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,
pleaſe beyond all I felt before;
Oh! why can't I admire her leſs,
or dear *Liberia*, or dear *Liberia* love me more!

Like Stars all other Female Charms,
ne'er touch my Heart, but feaſt my Eyes,
For ſhe's the only Sun that warms,
with her alone I'd live and die.

SONG XIV.

AT Noon one ſweltry Summer's day.
The brighteſt Lady of the *May*,
Young *Cloris* beautiful and gay,
ſat knotting in a ſhade.

Her pretty Fingers plaid their part,
With ſuch Activity of Art,
Which would have gain'd a Lovers Heart,
and warmed the moſt decay'd.

At length her favour'd *Swain* came by,
She had him quickly in her Eye,
She ſtarted up and thus did cry,
ſweet Youth be not afraid.

SONG XV.

Jockey was the blitheſt Lad in all our Town,
To pleaſe weel my Fancy he beſt knew how,
Oftentimes on Oaten Pipe he'd ſport and play,
And ſit and ſing me Love-Songs all the long Day;

But

But ſome prying Loon,
Inform'd my Mother ſoon,
That *Jockey* had been teaching me
Some other kind of Tune,
Which griev'd my Heart full ſore;
She bid me ſing no more, (of Door.
But when he next a wooing came to turn him out

SONG XVI.

UPon my Way from *Fife* to *Aberdeen*,
I met the bonnieſt Lad that e'er was ſeen,
Black Eyes, and ruby Lips, and on each Brow,
Such Charms as made me love I'ſe know not how;
With muckle Joys, and Raptures he me embrac'd,
And claſp'd his folded Arms about my Waiſt,
He was ſo lovely Blithe, that ſoon poor I
To *Jockey*'s Love was forc'd for to comply.

SONG XVII.

RIſe bonny *Kate* the Sun's got up high, (tune,
the Fidlers have play'd their laſt merry
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em good b'w'y
and gang to the Wells before 'tis Noon.

There to thy Health ize Drink my Three quarts,
then raffle among the Beauties divine, (hearts,
Where tho' ſome young Fops may chance to loſe
aſſure thy ſelf *Jockey*'s ſhall ſtill be thine.

When we come home we'll kiſs and we'll bill,
and feaſt on each other as well as our Meat;
Then ſaddle our Nags and away to Box-Hill,
and there, there, there conſummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broak,
ſmile thou, and for Loſſes I care not a pin,
I'll puſh on my Fortune at Night at the Oak,
and quickly, quickly, quickly recover all agen.

For

For thy Diverſion could'ſt thou but think,
why here all Degrees cold Bumpers take off,
Or why all this Croud come hither to drink,
in ſpight of the Spleen 'twould make thee to (laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, Stateſmen and Citts,
the Men of the Sword, and Men of the Laws,
The Virgin, the Punk, the Fools, and the Wits,
all tope off their Cups for a different Cauſe.

New marry'd ſtrives their Spouſes to pleaſe,
each Morning quaff largely in hopes to con-
The Bully too drinks to waſh off his Diſeaſe, (ceive;
ſtill fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old muſty Wives take Nine in a Hand,
the Maiden takes Five too, that are vext with (her Green;
In hopes they'll have power to prepare her for
whenever ſhe comes to her Teens. (Man,

SONG XVIII.

Sabina in the dead of Night,
in reſtleſs Slumbers wiſhing lay;
Cynthia was by, and her clear Light,
to looſe Deſires ſoon led the Way:
I ſtept to her Bed-ſide with bended Knee,
I am ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
I am ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
I am ſure *Sabina* ſaw;
Nay, I am ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
but would not ſee.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
which did her whiter Body keep,
But ſtill the cloſer I was drawn,
methought the faſter ſhe did ſleep;
I call'd *Sabina* ſoftly in her Ear;

I am

I am ſure *Sabina* heard,
I am ſure *Sabina* heard,
I am ſure *Sabina* heard;
Nay, I am ſure *Sabina* heard,
but would not hear.

But as ſome midnight Thief, when all
are wrapt up in a Lethargy,
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
to find out hidden Treaſury,
So went my buſie Hand from Head to Heel;
I am ſure *Sabina* felt,
I am ſure *Sabina* felt,
I am ſure *Sabina* felt;
Nay, I am ſure *Sabina* felt,
but would not feel.

But wandring back again I found
the Sweat-meat-Cabinet of Love,
Where all the *Cupids* danc'd around,
as I approach'd the ſilent Grove:
From whence I ſtole a precious Gem or two,
All which *Sabina* knew,
I'm ſure *Sabina* knew,
I'm ſure *Sabina* knew,
Nay, I'm ſure *Sabina* knew;
but yet ſhe would not know.

SONG XIX.

WHilſt wretched Fools ſneak up and down,
Play hide and ſeek about the Town,
Diſpers'd by Debts and Fortunes frown,
by Duns to keep in awe;
When ever my Occaſions call,
Among my Creditors I fall,
I have one fine Song ſhall pleaſe them all,
With a Fal la la.

Good

Good Morrow, Sir, I'm glad to ſee,
Your Humour is ſo brisk and free,
I hope the better it is for me,
that you your Purſe do draw;
You have been Two Years at Bed and Board,
And Lord he'p me I took your word,
And now muſt have what here is ſcor'd,
With a Fal la la.

My purſe ſweet Hoſteſs is but ſcant,
But I have ſomething elſe in bank,
And you at home I'll change a frank,
with a charming ſweet ſet;
We'll ſit and count from morn till noon,
No Nightingale in *May* or *June*,
Did ever ſing ſo ſweet a Tune,
As fa la la.

SONG XX.

WHen my bonny *Joc--key* left me,
ſighing for him we'll weight Man,
And that ſur--ly *Mars* be-reſt me
of my ſprightly Companion:
Oh! how muck e were my Sorrows,
none e'er be--fore knew my Grief;
O'er my Cheek the Tears made Furrows,
yet coudn't give my Heart Re--lief.

Waa is me, ſince cruel Fortune,
has bereav'd me of my Dear,
I ſhall never have Joy for certain,
ſince to me they're ſo ſevere;
Jockey has my Heart in keeping,
let him go by Land or Sea:
For his Abſence I lie weeping,
yet can never happy be.

When

When firſt bonny *Jockey* view'd me
he did ſtrive my Heart to gain,
Muckle times he ſtill purſu'd me,
begging Love for to obtain;
Jockey ſeem'd ſo charming to me,
that I could not him deny,
But, alas, it do's undo me,
that ſo ſoon I did comply.

For as ſoon as I conſented,
Jockey he was forc'd away,
I in ſorrow am tormented,
cauſe he could no longer ſtay;
Oh the Grief that I lie under,
in this World can find no eaſe,
After *Jockey* I will wander,
ſeek him out by Land or Seas.

Blithly I roſe when the Cock crew,
putting on my Hoſe and Shoon,
And trudg'd along the way I knew,
was the Path Dear *Jockey* run,
When I ſaw the foaming Billows,
of enrag'd *Neptune's* Wave,
To my Head the Sands made Pillows.
for I knew there was my Grave.

SONG XXI.

NO more cruel Nymph, my Paſſion deſpiſe,
Nor ſlight a poor Lover that languiſhing lies;
Tho' Fortune, my Nymph with no Title endows,
It pleaſes my Paſſion, and warmeth my Blood:
The Love of an Empire no Creature can ſee,
How delightſome are the ſame in e'ery degree.

Then vigorous and young, I will flee to thy Arms,
Infuſing my Soul with a legion of Charms;
A Monarch I'll be, whilſt I lie by thy ſide,
And thy pretty Hand my Scepter ſhall guide:

Still

Still charm'd with each other, true Raptures we prove,
Whil'ſt Angels look down and envies our Love.

But let them look down with an envious Eye,
Thy conquering Beauty ſhall force them to fly,
And leave us to bathe in the Raptures of Bliſs,
This happy Agreement we'll ſeal with a Kiſs;
Perfumes of ſweet Roſes thy Spirits ſhall chear,
And *Cupid* ſhall crown thee with Garlands, my Dear.

No longer deny me, no longer ſay nay,
Thou Goddeſs of Beauty, thou Queen of the Day;
The ſweeteſt of Pleaſure, now let us enjoy.
Kind Ladies they count it a Crime to be Coy;
Thy Heart and Affection be free to reſign
To me, thy true Lover, and thou ſhalt have mine.

SONG XXII.

Celia, that I once was bleſt,
is now the Torment of my Breaſt;
Since to cure me, you bereave me
of the Pleaſure I poſſeſt:
Cruel Creature to deceive me
Firſt to love, and then to leave me;
Cruel Creature, &c.

Had you the Bliſs refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want;
But poſſeſſing once the Bleſſing,
is the Cauſe of my Complaint:
Once poſſeſſing is but taſting,
'Tis not Bliſs that is not laſting,
Once poſſeſſing, &c.

Celia now is mine no more,
But I'm hers, and muſt adore;

Nor

Nor to leave her will endeavour,
Charms that Captiv'd me before:
No Unkindneſs can diſſever,
Love that's True, is Love for ever:
No Unkindneſs, &c.

Such is mine, I do declare,
Who doats upon the charming Fair;
To requite me, ſhe will ſlight me,
Love I find a fatal Snare:
Why was *Celia* made a Beauty,
That can thus forget her Duty?
Why was Celia, &c.

SONG XXIII.

NO, no, ev'ry Morning my Beauties renew,
Where-ever I go, I have Lovers enough,
I dreſs, and I dance, and I laugh, and I ſing,
Am lovely, and lively, and gay as the Spring;
I viſit, I game, and I caſt away Care,
Mind Lovers no more than the Birds of the Air.
Mind Lovers no more than the Birds of the Air.

Lover.

Dear Madam, behold how my Heart it doth bleed,
Conſider and eaſe my great torment with ſpeed,
Tho' Lovers you have Day and Night at Com-
(mand,
And come far and near from all Parts of the Land,
Yet none has a Heart like to mine in the Nation,
Oh! lend but your Hand you may feel Loves great
Oh! lend but your Hand, &c. (*Paſſion,*

SONG XXIV.

WHen *Sawney* firſt did wooe me,
he did at diſtance ſtand;
Advancing to undo me,
he gently took my Hand; He

He gently rais'd it higher,
with piſh and much ado,
His Lips ſtill creeping nigher,
at laſt he kiſt it too.

Advancing more to try me,
with Love's inchanting Grace:
He drew himſelf more nigh me,
and gently touch'd my Face;
He ſet it all on Fire,
with piſh and much ado;
His Lips approching nigher,
at laſt he kiſt me too.

Compleatly to undo me,
he claſpt me in his Arms;
As tho' he wou'd go through me,
and ſearch out all my Charms;
As tho' he wou'd go through me,
with oh and much ado;
As ſure as e'er he knew me,
at laſt he did it too.

He preſt me out of meaſure,
as on my Breaſt he lay,
The Pain was mixt with Pleaſure,
I knew not what to ſay:
At firſt I ſeem'd offended,
with piſh and much ado,
But ſoon my Frowns was end-d,
he hug'd and kiſt me too.

SONG XXV.

BElinda's pretty, pretty, pleaſing Form,
Do's my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy charm;
Her prittle-prattle, tittle tattle's
All engaging, moſt obliging,
Whilſt I'm preſſing, claſping, kiſſing,
Oh! how ſhe do's my Soul alarm. There

There is ſuch Magick in her Eyes,
Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,
Do's my wandring Heart ſurprize;
Her prinking, mimping, twinking, pinking,
Whil'ſt I'm courting for tranſporting,
How like an Angel ſhe panting lies, lies.

Her charming Beauty, Beauty, kindles Love,
Which I ever, ever, ever, ever prize above
The richeſt Treaſure, Joy and Pleaſure,
She is bringing, dancing, ſinging,
Sweet Deſires, Love inſpires,
In all her Charms I ſee her move.

She moves ſo like an Angel bright,
So like an Angel bright, Angel bright,
That e'ery Glance do's me invite,
To taſte thoſe Bliſſes, melting Kiſſes,
which I ever vow to give her;
For ſure I cannot *Belinda* ſlight, ſlight.

SONG XXVI.

I Love you more and more each day,
faireſt of earthly Creatures;
In Temples I forget to pray,
by gazing on your Features:
When thy fair Face I did behold,
I ſtand in Admiration;
Oh! pity then, I you implore,
I you implore,
or you have no Compaſſion.

Heaven gave to Man in Paradiſe,
Bleſſings that were not common;
But all were Trifles to that Bliſs
of Soul-delighting Woman:
I love, what e'er muſt be my Doom,
'tis thee I'm ſtill purſuing;

Then

Then love me, or I am undone,
I am undone,
oh! love or elſe I'm ruin'd.

My fair *Roſilia* be ſo kind,
to eaſe me of this Paſſion;
You never one more true ſhall find
in all this glorious Nation:
For you alone I will adore,
oh! be not then ſo cruel,
But kind to me, I beg once more,
I beg once more,
my fair and lovely Jewel.

SONG XXVII.

LOrd what's come to my Mother,
That every Day more than other,
My true Age ſhe wou'd ſmother,
and ſays I'm not in my Teens?
Tho' my Sampler I've ſown too,
My Bib and my Apron outgrown too,
Baby quite away thrown too,
I wonder what 'tis ſhe means:
When our *John* do's ſqueeze my Hand,
and calls me Sugar ſweet,
My Breath almoſt fails me,
I know not what ails me,
my Breath do's ſo heave and ſo beat.

I have heard of Deſires
From Girls that have been juſt of my Years;
Love compar'd to ſweet Bryers,
that hurts, and yet do's pleaſe:
Is Love finer than Money,
Or can it be ſweeter than Honey?
I'm poor Girl ſuch a Toney,
evads that I cannot gueſs,

But

But I'm ſure I'll watch more near,
there's ſomething that Truth will ſhew:
For if Love be a Bleſſing,
To pleaſe beyond kiſſing,
our *Jane* and our Butler do's know.

SONG XXVIII.

AS *Cupid* roguiſhly one day,
Had all a'one ſtole out to play,
The Muſes caught the little, little, little Knave,
And Captive Love to Beauty gave,
The Muſes caught the little, little, little Knave,
And Captive Love to Beauty gave:
The laughing Dame ſoon miſt her Son,
And here and there, and here and there, (run,
and here and there, and here and there diſtracted
Diſtracted run, and here and there, (run:
and here and there, and here and there diſtracted
And ſtill his Liberty to gain,
And ſtill his Liberty to gain,
offers his Ranſom:
But in vain, in vain, in vain
The willing, willing Priſ'ner ſtill hugs his Chain,
And vows he'll ne'er be free,
And vows he'll ne'er be free,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again.
No, no, *&c.*
No, no, *&c.*

SONG XXIX.

LOng cold Nights when Winter's frozen,
Jockey's Head lay on my Boſom;
Now each wanton Lad purſues me,
Ah-wa's me, gan I muſt loſe ye:

Sawny

Sawny and *Johnny* comes often to try me,
Philly and *Willy* wou'd fain lig by me;
But alas! they do but teaſe me,
Jockey alone knows how to pleaſe me.

When he writes his loving Meeter,
When he ſings to make it ſweeter,
To the Clouds my Soul I'm giving,
Ah! then I think my ſelf in Heaven;
Father and Mother that knew mickle of it,
Woo'd me, and ſu'd me, to wed for profit;
But had Fate been kind or luckey,
Iſe cou'd ne'er forſake poor *Jockey*.

SONG XXX.

NOw *Mopſa* now we are alone,
I prithee be not coy,
But kind unto your *Corydon*,
that he may you enjoy:
I'll hug ye, kiſs ye, love ye too,
more than all the World beſide,
And if I find ye to be true,
you ſoon ſhall be my Bride;
Then prithee pull off this fine Geer,
That we may go to Bed my Dear.

Do not rumple my Top-knot,
I'll not be kiſs'd to day,
I'll not be pull'd nor haul'd about,
thus on a Holy-day;
But if your Rudeneſs you won't leave
no more Words to be ſaid,
See this long Pin upon my Sleeve,
I'll ſtick it to the head;
And if you rumple my Head-Geer,
I'll give you a good ferret of the Ear.

SONG

SONG XXXI.

COme ſweet Laſs,
This bonny Weather,
Let's together,
come ſweet Laſs
let's trip it o'er the Graſs,
E'ery where,
Poor *Jockey* ſeeks his dear,
Unleſs ſhe appear,
He ſees no Beauty there.
On our Green,
The Loons are ſporting,
Piping, Courting,
on our Green,
the blitheſt Lads are ſeen,
E'ery Day,
The Laſſes ſport and play;
E'ery one is Gay,
But I, when you're away.
Waa is me,
My *Moggy*'s ſtaying,
Long delaying,
(waa is me)
breeds in me Jealouſie;
For Iſe fear,
Her Beauty was ſo c'ear,
Leaſt ſome Scottiſh Peer,
Hath ſtole away my Dear.
She Iſe prize
Above all others,
Siſters, Brothers,
ſhe Iſe prize;
tho' *Moggy* me denies,
Long Iſe ſtay'd:
Without her ſpeedy Aid,
My Life it will fade,
Ah! Cruel, cruel, Maid!

SONG XXXII.

WAa's me! what mun I do?
Drinking Water I may rue,
Since my Heart ſo muckle Harm befel
Wounded by a bonny Laſs at *Epſom*-Well:
Iſe have been at *Dalking*-Fair,
Seen'ng the charming Faces there:
But aw *Scotland* now geud faith deſie
Sike a lip to ſhe, and a lovely rowling Eye;
Jenny's Skin was white, her Fingers ſmall,
Moggy ſhe was ſlender, ſtrait and tall,
But my Love here bears away the Bell from all:
For her I ſigh, for her I die in deſpair,
Never Man in Woman took ſuch Joy,
Never Woman was to Man ſo coy:
She'll not be my Honey,
For my Love nor Money,
well a-day! what Torment mun I bear?

When Iſe came to *Epſom*-Wells,
Where this charming Beauty dwells,
Iſe began to caſt my Eyes around,
Then Iſe quickly did receive this fatal wound;
From her ſtraight there flew a Dart,
Which did pierce me to the Heart,
Then to her Iſe made my humble ſuit,
With a moſt graceful Carriage and ſweet Salute;
Then Iſe whiſper'd in my Lady's Ear,
Iſe had Houſe and Land with muckle Geer,
But away ſhe flew, and would not me come near:
Iſe follow'd her with Cap in Hand, to obtain
Favour, if ſo kind a Thing might be,
But ſhe flew the ſwifter ſtill from me;
Yet at length Iſe ſeiz'd her,
Thinking to have pleas'd her,
ſhe turn'd a Frown of high diſdain.

SONG XXXIII.

'TWas in the Month of *May*, Jo,
when *Jockey* firſt I ſpy'd;
He look'd as fair as Day too,
gu'd gin I'd bin his Bride:
With Cole-black Eyne, and Milk-white Hand,
Iſe ne'er ſaw the like;
I wiſh I had gin aw my Land,
Iſe ne'er had ſeen the Tike.

He fixt his Eyne upon me,
with aw the Signs of Love:
Iſe thought they wou'd gan through me,
ſo fiercely they did move,
He took me in his eager Arms,
Iſe made but faint Denials,
Iſe then, alas, found aw his Charms,
woe worth ſuch fatal Trials.

SONG XXXIV.

Friend.

WHat ungrateful Devil moves you?
come, come, my Friend, the Truth declare,
You love *Silvia* *Silvia* loves you,
why, why, then will you wed the fair:
Marriage Joining do's diſſever,
but Love freeing joins for Life,
Would you, would you, would you love the Nymph for ever?
Never, never, never, never, never, never let her be your Wife.

Lover.

If to me you can diſcover
what, what cauſes my Deſpair,
Why I ſtill muſt be a Lover,
yet, yet I muſt not wed the Fair;

Silvia

Silvia has my Heart ſo wounded,
that from her I cannot part, (ded?
Can you, can you, can you ſee me thus confoun-
Pity, pity, pity, pity, pity, pity my tormented heart.

SONG XXXV.

WHat ſha'll I do to ſhew how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sighs can ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts, never can move (her,
thoſe common Methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe:
I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night,
Till for her own ſake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me
to love her leſs, to preſerve our Delight.

Since Gods themſelves could not ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new (Joys;
I wiſh my Love could be always improving,
tho' eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.
In fair *Aurelia*'s Arms leave me expiring,
to be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,
To the laſt Moment I'll ſtill be deſiring,
never had Hero ſo glorious a Death.

While her fair Lily-white Arms ſhe incloſes,
and in the Circuit of them I ſhall lie,
Which is more ſweet than a Bed of ſoft Roſes,
to this alone I cou'd freely comply;
That on her Breaſt I might languiſh at leaſure,
being a Death which is free from all pain;
Likewiſe the Charms of her Beauty are Pleaſure,
will be ſufficient to raiſe me again.

SONG XXXVI.

THe Danger is over, is over, is over, the dan-
(ger is over,
The Battel, the Battel, the Battel, the Battel is paſt;
The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her
(Fears,
But ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd, ſhe
(ventur'd at laſt:
She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done
She ſmil'd, ſhe ſmil'd at her Folly, and own'd ſhe
(had won:
By her Eyes we diſcover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
(been pleas'd,
Her Bluſhes become her, her Paſſion is eas'd,
She diſſembles her Joy, and affects to look down,
(down, down, down,
If ſhe ſighs 'tis for ſorrow, for ſorrow,
For ſorrow, for ſorrow, 'tis ended ſo ſoon.

All Joy to the Bridegroom, the Bridegroom, the
(Bridegroom,
All Joy to the Bridegroom, and the lovely, the
(lovely, the lovely, the lovely Bride,
And may they have pleaſure, and may they have
(pleaſure,
And plenty, and plenty, and plenty, and plenty be-
(ſide,

May ſhe ne'er repent, for the Conqueſt he won,
Nor he, nor he e'er repine for her yielding ſo ſoon;
But love and embrace, and for ever be kind, be
(kind,
And every Moment be both of one mind,
And ſtill live from Envy and Jealouſie free, free,
(free, free,
Then happy for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever,
(for ever they'll be.

SONG

SONG XXXVII.

HOw vile are the ſordid Intreagues of the Town,
cheating and lying perpetually ſway,
From the blue Cap to the politick Gown,
a plotting and ſotting they waſt the Day;
All their Diſcourſe is of Foreign Affairs,
the French and the Wars
is always their Cry;
Marriage alas! is declining,
And I a poor Virgin lye pining,
a Curſe of their Jarring, what Luck have I.

I thought a young Trader by ogling Charms,
into my Conjugal Fetters to bring,
I planted my ſnare too, for one that lov'd Arms,
but found his Deſign was another Thing.
From the Court Province down to the dull Cits,
both Cullies and Wits,
of Marriage are ſhie;
Great are the Sins of the Nation,
A Shame of the wretched Occaſion,
a curſe of the Monſieurs, what Luck have I.

A Counſellor promis'd to give me a Fee,
and ſwore he would make me a Lady of Sport,
But I was reſolv'd not a Harlot to be,
if he could have made me Laſs of the Court.
When that he ſaw how I was inclin'd,
and what I deſign'd,
he made me Reply,
Virgins alas! are too cruel,
Oh! be kind to me, my dear Jewel,
a curſe of your whining I then did cry.

SONG XXXVIII.

THere's ne'er a Swain on the Plain
Would be bleſt like me,
Cou'd you but, could you but, could you but
On me ſmile;
But you appear ſo ſevere,
I tremble with fear,
That my heart go's a pit a pat, a pit a pat,
Pit a pat all the while.
If I cry, Muſt I dye?
You make no Reply,
But with a frowning Eye kills me:
How can you be, can you be, can you be,
Can you, can you, can you be ſo hard to me?

SONG XXXIX.

Boy.

CElemene, pray tell me,
Pray, pray tell me *Celemene*,
When thoſe pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I ſee,
Why my Heart beats, beats, beats,
Beats in my Breaſt.
why, why it will not, it will not,
why, why it will not let me reſt:
why this trembling,
Why this trembling too all o'er,
Pains I never, pains I never,
Never, never felt before:
And when thus I touch,
When thus I touch your Hand,
Why I wiſh, I wiſh, I wiſh I was a Man.

Girl.

How ſhould I know more than you,
Yet wou'd be a Woman too.
When you waſh your ſelf and play,
I methinks could look all Day:

Nay juſt now, nay juſt now,
am pleaſed ſo well,
ſhou'd, ſhou'd you kiſs me I won't tell,
ſhou'd you, ſhou'd you kiſs me I won't tell,
No, no, I won't tell, No, no, I won't tell,
No, no, I won't tell,
Shou'd you kiſs me I won't tell.

Boy.

Tho' I cou'd do that all Day,
and deſire no better play;
Sure, ſure in Love there's ſomething more,
Which makes *Mamma* ſo big, ſo big before.

Girl.

Once by chance I heard it nam'd,
Don't ask what, don't ask what, for I'm aſham'd;
Stay but till you're paſt Fifteen,
then you'll know,
Then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.
then you'll know,
Then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.

Boy.

However loſe not preſent Bliſs,
But now we're alone let's kiſs,
but now we're alone let's kiſs, let's kiſs.

Girl.

My Breaſts do's ſo heave, ſo heave, ſo heave,
My Heart do's ſo pant, pant, pant,

Chorus.

There's ſomething, ſomething, ſomething more I want,
There's ſomething, ſomething, ſomething more I want.

SONG XL.

'TWas when the Sheep was ſheering,
and under the Barley-mow,
Dick gave to *Doll* a Fairing,
as ſhe had milk'd her Cow.

Quoth he, I fain would wed thee,
and tho' I cannot wooe,
I've hey piſh, hey cock, hey, and hey for a Boy,
ſing ſhall I come kiſs thee now,
Sing, ah! ſhall I come, ſhall I come kiſs thee now?
I long Sweet-heart to bed thee,
And merrily buckle too, (a Boy,
with hey piſh, hey cock, hey, hey, and hey for
Sing, ſhall I come kiſs thee now,
ſing, ah! ſhall I come kiſs thee now?

SONG XLI.

TEll me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
when you will your Heart ſurrender,
Faith and Troth I love you ſoundly,
it was I that was your firſt Pretender;
Ne'er ſay nay, nor delay,
here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too,
All that's mine, ſhall be thine,
Body and Goods at thy command too.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
have you promis'd to be true to!
Fie, I think the Devil's in you,
to kiſs a Body ſo as you do!
What d'ye do! let me go,
I can't abide ſuch fooliſh doing,
Get you gone, you naughty Man,
fie, is this your way of Wooing!

SONG XLII.

I Saw the Laſs whom dear I lov'd,
long ſighing and complaining,
While me ſhe ſlights and diſapproves,
another entertaining:
Her Hand and Lips to him was free,
no favour ſhe'd refuſe him,

Judge

Judge how kind ſhe was to me,
while ſhe thus kindly us'd him.

His Hand her milk-white Bubbies preſt,
a Blifs worth Kings deſiring;
A thouſand times her Cheeks he kiſt,
her ſnowy Mounts admiring;
Then pleas'd to be his charming Fair,
ſhe to ſuch Paſſion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheeks and curl'd his Hair,
to ſhew ſhe well approv'd him.

Ah cruel *Moggy* then I cry'd,
will not my Paſſion move thee,
And if my Suit muſt be deny'd,
ſtill give me leave to love thee,
And then frown on and ſtill be coy,
your conſtant Swain deſpiſing;
It is but juſt you ſhould deſtroy,
what is not worth the prizing.

SONG XLIII.

I Am come to lock all faſt,
Love without me cannot laſt:
Love like Counſels of the wiſe,
Muſt be hid from vulgar Eyes, (ceal it,
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we muſt, we muſt con-
They prophane it, they prophane it who reveal it.

What is promiſed in Love,
Is recorded ſtill above,
And whatever Vows we make,
Let us keep for true Loves ſake, (muſt own it.
'Tis binding, 'tis binding, and we ſtill, we ſtill
They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd, who diſown it.

Let our Love be juſt and true,
For there's none I love but you,

Let whatever each impart,
Be lockt up in 'tothers Heart, (ſelves may ever
That no one, that no one, but our ſelves, our
Once be able, once be able, to diſcover, to diſcover.

Whilſt we ſecretly do love,
No one can our Joys remove,
Nor can any one moleſt,
That which is hid in the Breaſt, (there can keep it,
'Tis Treaſure, 'tis Treaſure, whilſt we there, we
From all Rivals, from all Rivals, that do ſeek it.

Take this Kiſs with promis'd Vow,
To keep ſecret what we do.
Let our Love be private ſtill,
That we may enjoy our fill, (pleaſure,
In loving, in loving, to the height, the height of
Let our Love be, let our Love be, without mea-
(ſure.

SONG XLIV.

HEavens firſt created Woman to be kind,
firſt to Love, and then to be belov'd,
If you contradict it Heavens has deſign'd,
you are condemn'd by all the Powers above;
I will no more diſpute you,
for I am raſhly bent,
ſo ſubject to your Duty,
by kind Natures Beauty,
let me then ſalute you by Conſent.

Arguments and fair Entreaties
with Patience did I wait,
Yet for all I could gain no Relief,
none but you has my poor Heart betray'd;
I am poſſeſt now with Care and Grief;
ſhe cry'd piſh and fie ſir,
pray my Dear be good,
pray ſir, piſh and fie ſir, Nay

Nay ſir, pray ſir, why ſir,
I had rather die ſir, than be rude.
I began to court another way,
modeſty I melted with a Kiſs,
Till ſhe look unto the Riſing-Sun,
ſitting then for to obtain the Bliſs,
I gave her a Fall ſir,
ſhe began to tell,
ſwearing ſhe would baul ſir,
As loud as ſhe could call ſir,
but ſhe prov'd as falſe as ſhe was fair.

SONG XLV.

STill I'm wiſhing, ſtill deſiring,
Still ſhe's giving, I requiring,
yet each Gift I think too ſmall,
Still the more I am preſented,
Still the leſs I am contented,
tho' ſhe Vows ſhe's given me all.
Can *Druſilla* give no more,
Has ſhe laviſht all her ſtore,
muſt my hopes to nothing fall,
Ah! you know not half your Treaſure,
Give me more, give over-meaſure,
yet you'll never give me all.

SONG XLVI.

AS I to *Aberdeen* did take my way,
I heard a bonny Lad to ſigh and ſay,
In Grief and Sorrow now I may lament,
Since my *Moggy* do's my Heart torment,
tho' ſhe once comply'd,
ſhe with Scorn and Pride
Has my Sute deny'd, a waa is me,
Pity, pity *Moggy*, pity, pity me,
Or alas! for Love of you I die.

Did

Did my lovely charming *Moggy* know
What I, for her ſake, do undergo;
Did ſhe feel a quarter of my Pain,
Sure ſhe'd grant me Love for Love again:
Cupid take my part,
Pierce her to the Heart;
Make her to feel the Smart as well as I;
Cupid pity, pity, *Cupid* pity me,
Make her to ſuffer for her Cruelty.

SONG XLVII.

WHen Maids live to thirty, yet never repented;
When *Europe's* at Peace, and all *England* contented;
When Gameſters won't ſwear, and no Bribery thrives;
Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands old Wives;
When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love Peace;
And Lawyers forget a rich Client to fleece:
When an old Face ſhall pleaſe as well as a new;
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers, will ever be true.

When Bullies leave huffing, and Cowards their Trembling;
And Lovers, and Women, and Jilts their diſſembling;
When theſe ſhall do nothing but what's fair and juſt:
When Miſers grow Lib'ral, and without Sureties truſt:
When Vintners leave Brewing, to draw the Wine pure,
And Quacks by their Medicines kill leſs than they cure;

When

When an old Face ſhall pleaſe as well as a new;
Wives, Husband, and Lovers, will ever be true.

When Taylors forget to throw Cabbage in Hell,
And ſhorten their Bills, that all may be well;
When Bullies grow honeſt, and live without wh-
(rin,
And Drunkards live ſober, and Women lea-
(ſcolding
When Men, without Cloaths, go naked and bare,
And Cuckolds forget to march to *Horn-Fair*;
When an old Face ſhall pleaſe as well as a new,
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers, will ever be true.

SONG XLVIII.

FOrgive me if your Looks I thought,
did once ſome Change diſcover,
To be too Jealous is the Fault,
of every tender Lover;
Might Truth thoſe kind Reproaches ſhow,
which you blame ſo ſeverely,
A ſign, alas! you little know,
You little know,
what 'tis to love ſincerely.

The Torment of a long Deſpair,
I did in ſilent ſmother;
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,
to think you love another,
My Fate, alas! depends on you,
I am but what you make me,
Dearly bleſt, if you prove true,
If you prove true,
undone if you forſake me.

In thee I place my chiefeſt Joy,
I ſeek no other Treaſure,

Then

Then do not all my Hopes deſtroy,
who loves thee out of meaſure:
Forbear to triumph in diſdain,
ſince here I lie and languiſh,
True Love is a tormenting pain,
tormenting pain,
which fills my Soul with anguiſh.

The ſilent Night I ſpend in Tears,
and melt in Lamentation,
And yet no glance of Love appears,
but utter Deteſtation;
Regarding not my piteous Moan,
my Sighs and ſad lamenting,
Your Heart like Flint or Marble-ſtone,
Or Marble-ſtone,
feels not the leaſt relenting.

SONG XLIX.

I *Jenny* my blitheſt Maid,
prithee liſten to my true Love,
Now I am a Canny Lad,
gang along with me to yonder Brow:
An the Boughs ſhall ſhade us round,
while the Nightingale and Linnet,
Teach us how the Lad the Laſs may Wough;
Come and I'll ſhew my *Jenny* what to do.

I ken full many a thing,
I can Dance and Whiſtle too,
I many a Song can ſing,
pitch the Bar, and I can Wraſtle too:
The bonnieſt Laſs of aw our Town,
gave me Bead-lace, and Kercheifs many,
Only *Jenney* 'twas could win,
Jockey from all the Laſſes of the Green.

SONG

SONG.

O Raree Show! O bravee Show! O pretty (Show!
Who ſee my fine a Show?
O raree Show! O bravee Show!
Who ſee my pretty Show?
Here's de *Engliſh* and *French* to each oder moſt civil,
Shake Hands and be Friends, and hug like de Devil.
O raree Show! O bravee Show! O pretty gallant a Show!

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging thro' *France*,
To ſweep a de Shimney, to ſing, and to dance.
O raree Show, &c. (*Land*,
Here be de great *Turk*, and de great-King of *No*
A galloping bravely from *Hung'ry* and *Poland*.
O raree Show, &c. (tarries,
Here's de brave *Engliſh* Beau for de Packet-Boat
To go make his Campaign vid his Taylor at *Paris*.
O raree Show, &c.

Here be de honeſt Captain a curſing de Peace,
Here's anoder disbanding his Coach and his Miſs.
O raree Show, &c.

Here be de *Engliſh* Ships bring Plenty and Riches,
And dere de *French* Caper a mending his Breeches
O raree Show, &c.

Here be de *Jacks* ſet out Lights and diſſemble,
And dere be de Mob make um ſquitter and trem- (ble.
O raree Show, &c.

Here de be Sea-Captain a reeling a Shoar,
Here's one ſpend all his Pay, and boarding a whore.
O raree Show, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouſes,
And here be Soldiers a ſtorming deir Spouſes.
O raree Show! brave Show! who ſee my fine a Show?

SONG

SONG LI.

MAke your Honours, Miſs; *Tol*, &c.
Now to me Child, *Tol.*
Airy and eaſie, *Tol.*
Very well done, Miſs; *Tol.*
Raiſe up your Body, *Tol.*
Then you in time will riſe, *Tol.*

Hold up your Head, Miſs; *Tol.*
Wipe your Noſe, Child, *Tol.*
When I preſs on you, *Tol.*
Fall back eaſie, Miſs, *Tol.*
Keep out your Toes too, *Tol.*
Then you'll learn preſently, *Tol.*

Bare your Hips ſwimmingly, *Tol.*
Keep your Eyes languiſhing, *Tol.*
Zoons, where's your Ears now? *Tol.*
Leave off your Jerking, *Tol.*
Keep your Knees open, *Tol.*
Elſe you will never do, *Tol.*

If you will love me, Miſs, *Tol.*
You ſhall dance rarely, Child, *Tol.*
You are a Fortune, Miſs, *Tol.*
And muſt be married, Child, *Tol.*
Give me your Money, *Tol.*
Then I will give you my ——, *Tol.*

Look upon me, Miſs; *Tol.*
Hold in your Chin, Child; *Tol.*
Keep your Arms ſtraight too, *Tol.*
Move along ſmoothly, *Tol.*
Croſs over here, Miſs; *Tol.*
Where are you running now, *Tol.*

Zoons, mind the Muſick, *Tol.*
Give me your Hand now, *Tol.*

Where

Where was your Coopee there? *Tol.*
Child, you mind nothing; *Tol.*
Come, do this o're again, *Tol.*
You may be perfect at —— *Tol.*

Miſs, where's your Quartridge? *Tol.*
There's my good Child, Miſs; *Tol.*
Come, begin this again, *Tol.*
Very well done, Miſs; *Tol.*
You will Dance finely, Child; *Tol.*
For you become it well. *Tol.*

Keep your Head ſteddy, Miſs; *Tol.*
Thruſt out your Breaſts, Child; *Tol.*
Now you're a dainty Miſs, *Tol.*
Hither to me, Child; *Tol.*
Softly, your Honours now, *Tol.*
Walk to your Place, Madam; *Tol.*

SONG LII.

Cor. NOw the Maids and the Men are making (of Hay,
We have left the dull Fools, and are ſtol'n (away;
Then *Mopſa* no more
Be coy as before,
But let us merrily, merrily play,
And kiſs, and kiſs the ſweet time away (bold?
Mop. Why how now, ſir clown, how came you ſo
I'd have you to know, I'm not made of that (mold.
I tell you agen,
Maids muſt kiſs no Men.
No, no; no, no; no kiſſing at all;
I'll not kiſs, till I kiſs you for good and all.
Cor. No, no.
Mop. No, no.
Cor. Not kiſs you at all?
Mop. Not kiſs, till you kiſs me for good and all.
Not kiſs, *&c.* *Cor.*

Cor. Should you give me a ſcore,
'Twould not leſſen the ſtore,
Then bid me chearfully, chearfully kiſs,
And take, and take my fill of your Bliſs,
Mop. I'll not truſt you ſo far, I know you too well;
Should I give you an Inch, you'd take a whole Ell:
Then Lord like you rule,
and laugh at the Fool.
No, no, *&c.*

SONG LIII.

WHy are my Eyes ſtill flow ——— ing?
why do's my Heart thus trembling move?
Why do I ſigh when go ——— ing,
to ſee the Darling Saint I Love?
Ah! ſhe's my Heaven, and in her Eyes,
the Dei ——— ty,
There is no Life like what ſhe can give,
Nor any Death like taking my leave.

Tell me no more of Glo ——— ry,
to Courts Ambition I've reſign'd,
But tell a long long Sto ——— ry,
of *Celia*'s Shape, her Face, and Mind:
Speak too of Raptures that will Life deſtroy,
to En ——— joy,
Had I a Diadem, Scepter, and Ball,
For that dear minute I'd part with them all.

SONG LIV.

DEar, dear, pretty, pretty, pretty Youth,
Dear, dear, pretty, pretty, pretty, Youth,
Unvail, unvail thoſe Eyes, unvail, unvail thoſe Eyes
How can you, can you ſleep,
how can you, can you ſleep,
how can you, can you ſleep,
When I, when I am by, when I, when I am by;

Were

Were I with you all Night to be,
methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd,
I cou'd from ſleep be free;
methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from ſleep,
I cou'd from ſleep be free.

A-las, a-las, my dear, you're cold, cold as ſtone,
You muſt no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer,
No, no longer, longer lie alone,
But be with me my Dear, my dear, dear;
But be with me my dear,
And I in each Arm, and I in each Arm,
Will hug you, hug you cloſe,
Will hug you, hug you cloſe,
Hug you cloſe and keep you warm;
Will hug you, hug you cloſe,
Will hug you, hug you cloſe,
hug you cloſe and keep you warm.

YOUTH.

What charming Voice is this I hear,
That prattles thus, and calls me Dear,
Or do I Dream that *Cinthia*'s by,
A Dream, oh no, I'll tell you why?
I heard her warbling Notes unfold,
And pity'd me for being cold; (Arm,
Come then thou charming Saint, and I in each
Will hug you cloſe, and keep you warm.

SONG LV.

COme, come, come, come let us leave,
Let us, let us leave the Town, come, come,
(come, come,
Come, come, come, come let us leave,
Let us, let us, let us leave the Town and in ſome
(lonely Place.
Where

Where Crouds and Noiſe, where Crouds and Noiſe,
Were never, never, never, never known,
Reſolve to ſpend our Days,
In pleaſant, pleaſant Sha——des,
In pleaſant, pleaſant Shades upon the Graſs,
at Night our ſelves we'll lay,
Our Days in harmleſs ſports ſhall paſs, (ſhall paſs,
Our Days in harmleſs ſports, in harmleſs ſports
thus time ſhall ſli——de away.

Come, come, come, come let us go, (come,
Let us, let us go with ſpeed, come, come, come,
Come, come, come, come let us go, (naſty Town,
Let us, let us, let us go with ſpeed, and leave this
For Wine and Punk, for Wine and Punk,
Do's ever, ever, ever, ever make
us Mad by being Drunk,
then follow, follow Boy——s,
then follow, follow Boys, let's go while ſound,
to Pleaſure Night and Day,
Where freſh young Country Maids are found,
Where freſh young Country Maids, young coun-
to paſs the time away. (try Maids are found.

SONG LVI.

THo' *Jockey* ſu'd me long, he met diſdain,
His tender ſighs and tears were ſpent in vain,
Give o'er ſaid I, give o'er,
Your ſilly fond Amour,
Ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er comply,
At laſt he forc'd a kiſs,
Which I took not amiſs,
And ſince I've known the Bliſs,
I'll ne'er deny.

My *Jockey* he had ſike a man-like Face,
And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,
Tho' I cry'd, *Jockey*, fie,
Your Suit I muſt deny, I'll

I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield, not I.
With that he was amaz'd,
He kiss'd my Hand and gaz'd,
Which so my Passion rais'd,
I did comply.
When *Jockey* saw me yield, he me embrac'd,
And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waist,
My dear, said he, to you,
I'll be ever true,
And ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er you deceive,
But will for ever love you,
And prize none above you,
From you I'll ne'er remove,
you may believe.

Then ever when you court a Lass that's coy,
Who hears your Love, yet seems to shun its Joy,
If you press her to do it,
Ne'er mind her no, no no,
But trust her Eyes:
For Coyness gives Denial,
When she wishes for Trial,
Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh all,
I am sure she lies.

SONG LVII.

He. BLowzabella my Bouncing Doxy,
come let's Trudge it to *Kirkham*-Fair,
There's stout Liquor enough to Fox me,
and young Cullies to buy thy Ware.
She. Mind your Matters, ye Sot, without medling
how I manage the Sale of my Toys:
Get by Piping as I do by Pedling,
you need never want me for Supplies.
He. God a-mercy, my Sweeting, I find thou think'st (fitting,
to hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown.

She.

She. Though for that I've been ſtaying, a greater Debt's paying,
your Rate of delaying will never Compound
He. I'll come Home when the Pouch is full,
and ſoundly pay thee all old Arrears.
She. You'll forget it your Pate's ſo dull,
as by late drouſie Neglect appears.
He. May the Drone of my Bag never hum,
if I fail to remember my Blouze.
She. May my Buttocks be ev'ry one's Drum,
if I think thou wilt pay me a Souſe. (em
He. Squeakum, Squeakum Bag-pipe, will make
whisking, friſking, Money bring in.
She. Smoaking, toping, Landlady groaping,
Whores and Scores will ſpend it agen.
He. By the beſt as I gueſs in the Town,
I ſwear thou ſhalt have e'ery Groat.
She. By the worſt that a Woman e'er found,
if I have it will ſignifie nought.
He. If good Nature works no better,
Blowzabella I'd have ye to know,
Though you fancy my Stock is ſo low,
I've more Rino than always I ſhow,
For ſome good Reaſons of State that I know.
She Since your cheating I always knew,
For my Ware I got ſomething too.
I've more Sence than to tell you.
He. Singly then let's employ Wit,
I'll uſe Pipe as my Gain do's hit. (too.
She. And if I new Chapmen get, you'll be eaſie
He. Eaſie as any worn-out Shoo.

Chorus of both.

Free and Frolick we'll couple gratis;
Thus we'll ſhew all the humane Race,
That the beſt of the Marriage State is
Blowzabella's *and* Collin's *Caſe.*

SONG

SONG LVIII.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
whoſe Name was Buxome *Joan*,
whoſe Name, *&c.*
For now the Time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
and lie all Night alone,
and lie, *&c.*
The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder,
And ſhew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
with fighting for her ſake,
with fighting, *&c.*
The Taylor thought to pleaſe her,
With offering her his Meaſure;
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he would mend her Kettle,
and ſtop up e'ry Leak,
and ſtop, *&c.*
But while theſe Three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir,
he then might play his part,
he then, *&c.*
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Logger-heads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'tween Wind and Water;
which won this fair Maid's Heart,
which won, *&c.*

SONG

SONG LIX.

OH fye! what mean I fooliſh Maid,
In this remote and ſilent ſhade
to meet with you alone;
My Heart do's with the Place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine,
And both are more your Friends than mine.
Oh! oh! oh! I ſhall, I ſhall, I ſhall be undone.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! I ſhall be undone.

A Savage Beaſt I would not fear,
Or ſhould I meet with Villains here,
I to ſome Cave would run:
But ſuch inchanting Art you ſhow,
I cannot ſtrive, I cannot go,
I cannot ſtrive, I cannot go,
Oh! oh! oh! I ſhall, I ſhall, I ſhall be undone.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! I ſhall be undone.

Oh fye! leave off this fooliſh fear,
For I am glad to meet you here,
and I muſt you enjoy;
This ſilent Grove and pleaſant Shade,
Were for true Lovers Paſtime made,
Were for true Lovers Paſtime made,
Then, oh then, do not, do not, do not me deny.
Oh then, oh then, do not me deny.

Your Beauty can wild Monſters tame,
And likewiſe Villains Hearts inflame,
that they will not annoy;
Your Looks, your Eyes have charm'd me ſo,
I have no Power for to go,
I have no Power for to go,
Come, come, come, I muſt, I muſt, I muſt thee enjoy.
Come, come, come, come, I muſt thee enjoy.

FINIS.